

PENTHOUSE

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Vol. 1. No. 12. 5s.

THE NUDEST BEACH SET

A new look at love and pain / Alan Hull Walton
My contemporaries & other monsters / Gerald Scarfe
The Heretics / new concepts in social behaviour.



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PENTHOUSE

The Magazine For Men

Vol. 1. No. 12.

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CONTENTS		PAGE
HOUSECALL	Contributors' Index	4
VIEW FROM THE TOP	Comment	7
MY CONTEMPORARIES AND OTHER MONSTERS	Satire Gerald Scarfe	11
PENTHOUSE FORUM	Letters	16
THE CYPRESS TREE	Fiction Walter Harris	18
THE HERETICS	Penthouse Interview	22
PENTHOUSE PEOPLE	Personalities	28
A FLAVOUR OF 'MERC' FOR THOSE WITHOUT THE BANK BALANCE	Road Impressions W. Wynn-Cronkite	30
JANE	Penthouse Pet-of-the-Month	31
CINEMAGIC	Satire Guccione	40
RIBALD RIMES	Humour Edited by John D'Amicis	41
PAST BEDTIME	Science Fiction Geoffrey Norris	42
ASSIGNMENT: ELEGANCE	Fashion Annabel Brown	46
THE FOOD OF THE GODS	Food and Drink Nicolas Rieba	50
THE NUDEST BEACH SET	Pictorial Essay Photographs by Hatami	53
THE TIGER AND THE PUSSYCAT	Humour Jonathan Clements	61
A NEW LOOK AT LOVE AND PAIN	Article Alan Hull Walton	63

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GEOFFREY NORRIS



GERALD SCARFE



THE KRONHAUSENS

HOUSECALL

THIS CONCLUDES OUR FIRST VOLUME OF 12 issues, and we look back with a sense of nostalgia as well as achievement—not only for the many rules we broke in getting our fledgeling enterprise airborne, but for the new standards we attempted to set along the way. Breaking ground in a traditionally conservative country with something as new and untried as PENTHOUSE is not the easiest of undertakings. Public acceptance at the newsstand level, plus the formidable backing of our founder-subscribers, gave us the necessary will and wherewithal to continue. Ours was a concept combining determination and a belief in our intuitive interpretation of public taste. The Establishment—on several occasions—recoiled at the sudden intrusion of PENTHOUSE—a magazine with a will of its own, an upstart with strong, young muscles and a set of convictions that no amount of disdain on the part of our older and more established brothers could change.

For an interminable period, we were ignored by the national press. For an interminable period advertisers questioned our image and our motives and the soundness of our policy. PENTHOUSE moved ahead, gathering strength from a growing army of supporters that sensed the reality and the need of our will to live—supporters who saw another side of the British dream and said, “We like it. Get on with it.”

Today, after 12 issues, some compiled against near-impossible odds, many late in reaching the newsstands, and put together by a tiny, determined and indestructible staff—Joe Brooks, Jonathan Clements, Penny, Judy, Bambi, a few regular contributors—more often than not on raw nerves and sleepless nights, we have won a major place in British publishing. We have also established those new standards of free expression, and they are our standards.

Next month, we have designed a special issue to celebrate the growth and the achievements of this first year. It is our biggest issue to date with many, many more pages, more editorial colour, more features, fiction,

articles, cartoons and girls. Twelve pages of colour alone will be devoted to a nostalgic revisit to each of our 12 Pets to date, with a further and very special 9-page dedication to the young lady whose fan mail and general reader-response gives her unquestionable claim to the title of **Penthouse Pet of the Year**. Additional goodies are enumerated on page 52.

Meanwhile to round out our first 12 issues, figuratively speaking, this month's curvaceous cover and centrefold Pet is 19-year-old PENTHOUSE staffer **Miss Jane Beaufort**. Jane, whose 38-25-37 accoutrements presage the ever-increasing luxury of your PENTHOUSE decor, follows former subscription-staffer Bambi Lynn Davis to become our second fully home-grown, private and personnel *Pet of the Month*.

Satirical artist, chronicler of human foibles, **Gerald Scarfe** is another lone dissenter on the PENTHOUSE scale, whose rise to prominence has been made at the expense of sacred cows. Masticator of men and mayhem, he chews with pen and ink, and disgorges in *My Contemporaries and other monsters* a meal recently made of various notables. Scarfe, whom a panel of journalists named Cartoonist of the Year, is a regular contributor to the *Sunday Times*, *Punch*, *Esquire* and *Private Eye*. His drawings, of which the selection included in this issue are disturbingly representative, have been collected into a single ulcerous volume known deceptively as “Gerald Scarfe's People.” It is published by Peter Owen at 84s and is available on mail order now through the Penthouse Book Society.

Dissension of a more cerebral sort affecting many of our more popular concepts of social behaviour involves the writings, the therapeutic experimentation and the philosophical studies of an internationally known team of American author-psychologists now living and working in Paris. **Doctors Phyllis and Eberhard Kronhausen**, whose best-selling “Pornography and the Law” upset officialdom in the U.S., form the subjects

of this month's exclusive *Penthouse Interview*.

Our own resident reporter on social mores and attitudes, **Alan Hull Walton**, takes his subject this month from Penthouse itself and examines the long-ranging corporal punishment controversy. In *A new look at love and pain* he attempts, among other things, to place present-day attitudes into their proper historic perspective.

Effecting the opposite, science-fictioneer **Geoffrey Norris** telescopes history forward in time and makes a contra-perspective mash of sex in the bargain, contributing in *Past Bedtime* a tale with an unusual twist. Norris, who lives and works in Belfast, has authored three books and four children to date. This is his first appearance in PENTHOUSE and, children permitting, we shall see more of him in the future.

Walter Harris, PENTHOUSE resident and armchair terrorist, evolves another fantasy of love, frustration and poetic justice. This time the apocalyptic poet-hero of Harris's prose has the same name as its title, *The Cypress Tree*.

Further food for thought is promulgated in **Nicolas Rieba's** roundup of Greek eateries, *Food for the Gods*, while olympian wisdom is gainfully employed in forming the moral of **Jonathan Clements's** Fable For Our Time, *The Tiger and the Pussy Cat*. International lensman **Philip O. Stearns** focuses attention on the return of elegance through the Victorian-inspired attire of guest fashion model **Gerald Harper**, better known to television viewers as **Adam Adamant**. Meanwhile two more fast-rising personalities make the scene in *Penthouse People*.

For a last, lip-smacking postscript, *The Nudest Beach Set* (or an Ornithologist's guide to Bird-Watching) is a **Hatami**-photographed do-it-yourself guide to guileless girl-gazing, a sun-and-sand sport designed to make the last days of summer a fling of beauty and a play forever. So flip the page, dig in and employ yourself at once!

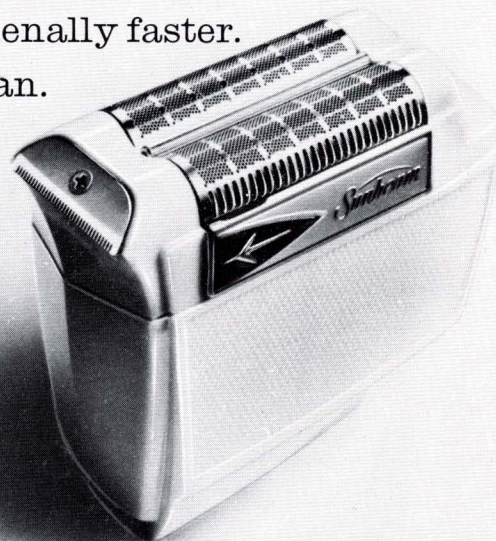


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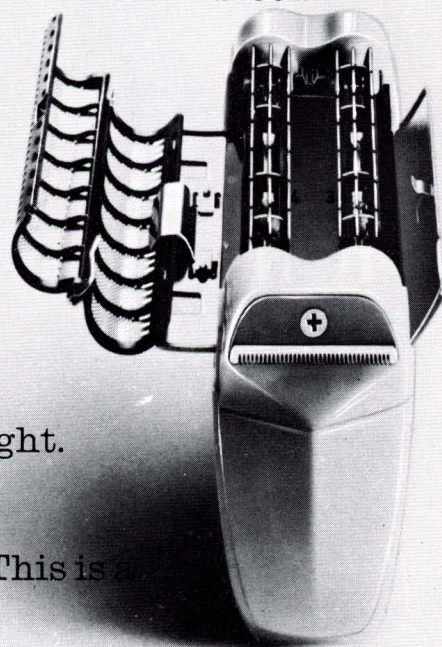
The second thing is critical. This is its multi-blade sweep action. Sunbeam alone put genuine blades into a shaver. And nothing, but nothing, shaves like a blade. The 777 has six of them, three in each head; six perfectly honed blades of Swedish steel. Because they are blades, they cut like blades. They sweep back and forth. Decisively. Someone has calculated that each blade makes three

hundred and thirty cutting strokes per second. This takes power. The 777 has the most powerful motor of any British shaver.

So far as your beard is concerned, it's not even a fair fight.

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BUILT WITH INTEGRITY
BACKED BY SERVICE

Page 8

Undergrad beauties rusticated for sniffing

University Cedar Wood sniffers attack lecturer



The Biology lesson is brought to an abrupt end (or is it just starting?)

LATE last night, the oak-panelled halls of one of Britain's oldest universities buzzed with fantastic rumours. Certain incidents forced the Disciplinary Committee into calling an emergency meeting, a move unprecedented in the University's 600 year history.

Furious

The University Board is furious. Why? "Sniffing!" said the Vice-Chancellor. "Some of the girls attacked our Mr. Penworthy of the Biology Faculty and sniffed him. I ask you: is nothing sacred?"

Glassy eyed

The glassy eyed Penworthy

was resting in the Senior Common Room when we took up the story with him.

"As soon as I walked in, the whole set started sniffing. Then Miss Mayle, last year's Rag Ball Beauty Queen, leaped up and sniffed me. It was marvellous. But suddenly every girl in the room joined her..."

Penworthy gasped... "you see, I was wearing Cedar Wood After Shave lotion, a present from my dear wife".

Amazing

What makes women react in this way? A man from Cedar Wood explained.

"Our Blender chose 15 subtle essences and secretly blended them. The effect on women is amazing. And we're getting the same reports on all our range: Cologne (7/-), Talc (4/9), Shaving Bowl (8/6), Hair Cream (5/9), Pre-Electric (6/-), Brushless Cream (3/6), Hair Groom (8/6) and Deodorant Stick (6/6)."

Nation's Womanhood

Sitting into the early hours the Committee issued this statement:

"We acknowledge the effect of Cedar Wood on the Nation's Womanhood but feel obligated to rusticate the Sniffers".

Meanwhile, production of Cedar Wood continues. Who knows what the future holds?



6/- a bottle, and worth every penny.

DAILY GLOBE

IT IS NOT a political leader likely to mistake his colleagues. It is likely to mistake even after his death he owes some sanctions debt that he had thought to the panache that a pedestrian of Aviation, tion front-be so after taking fits very native but co has lacked talisman.

The journal title of "Le fits very native but colleagues. or a magnet less, this d little man carries around of roman panache the pedestrian he owes mistakes circles to be the first

But the even after background an enter gentleman of the w and his his father

political likely to mistake colleague likely to even after ambition to occur an enter gentler of the India War, infallible Minister brought much that w may dictate

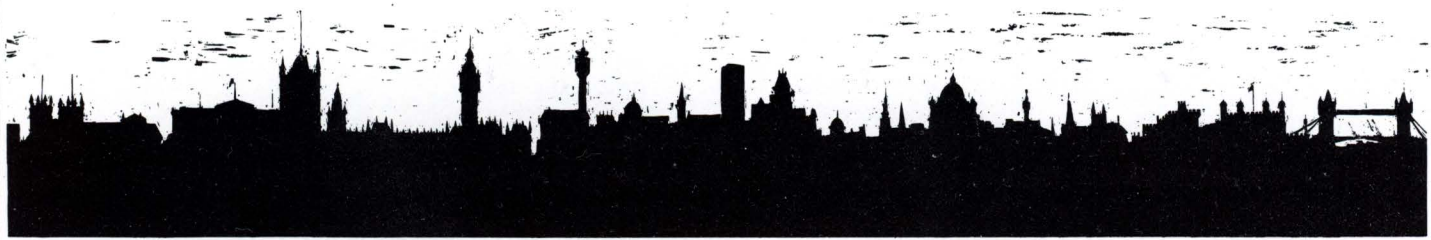
ambition for office and the right

a man of intellectual distinction and an intrepid mountaineer,

brother-in-arms against the appeasement of Hitler. The family political tradition was

of It was and

VIEW FROM THE TOP



A 24-page booklet full of tables and percentages is helping us and our advertisers to build up a picture of our favourite people, PENTHOUSE's readers. The booklet is dryly entitled *Readership Analyses*, and Editor/Publisher Robert Guccione explains what it's all about in a short preface: "This survey was conducted by means of enclosing a single loose-leaf questionnaire in 10,000 copies of PENTHOUSE. 2,000 were sent to subscribers and 8,000 selected for general news-stand distribution." The answers contained in the returned questionnaires were analysed by independent market-research experts. The booklet is a compilation of their findings.

Of course the number of readers who filled in the questionnaires constitutes only a small proportion of the immense circulation of PENTHOUSE. But it's a valuable sample and provides a reasonable indication of the average PENTHOUSE reader. And a pretty well set-up fellow he turns out to be! Classified under such headings as "occupation", "dwelling", "income", "travel habits", "automobiles", the PENTHOUSE reader emerges as a well-educated, well-heeled executive (earning £2,500 p.a.), owning his own car and then some occupying a house, and regularly holidaying abroad.

The statistical PENTHOUSE reader proved even more affluent than we expected, a finding that is certain to influence advertisers, especially when confronted with the first Audit Bureau of Circulation figure certifying PENTHOUSE's sale—a figure due to be published as we go to press.

All these exercises in statistics are more than just shop talk. They are essential steps in building the prosperity of the magazine—which in turn will make possible more ambitious pictures and features, more colour, improved reader services, and the fulfilment of umpteen plans to give the PENTHOUSE reader an even better magazine.

They had to go and pull it down

There was a song rather a long time ago with a title that was considered pretty daring at the time. It was about some undefined cavortings at a celebrated hotel in New York's Times Square, and it was called

"She had to go and lose it at the Astor".

Now it is reported that the scene of this titillating escapade is no more. After 62 years the Astor has closed and the demolition men are moving in.

Whatever it was she lost, she'll never find it now.

Short and to the point . . .

This comes from a book of personal declarations called "What I believe", and the author of the extract is A. J. Ayer. Take a deep breath:

"The world exists independently of our perceiving it or thinking about it, but the world of which we can significantly speak—and *ex hypothesi* it makes no sense to talk of there being any other—is moulded to the linguistic or, if you prefer, conceptual framework which makes it possible for us to speak about it."

Got that? Right, now here's what Mr Philip Toynbee says about it in quoting the passage in *The Observer*:

"Full marks, as always, to Professor Ayer for his dazzling lucidity and overpowering brevity."

Yes, the phrase was "overpowering brevity"—only 56 words and two parentheses to a single sentence. And what was the other one, ah yes, "dazzling lucidity". Obscurity must take on a new dimension if Professor Ayer ever sets out to wrap it up.

Out on a limb

A firm of manufacturing chemists won a plaque for their factory's excellent safety record. The time came for the plaque to be erected before a mass audience of the factory workers and directors. The workman responsible swung his hammer and promptly broke his thumb.

Rather tongue-in-cheek, the *Medical News* reports that the firm start one digit down in this year's safety competition.

A case for kerbing enthusiasm

An unusual sight has been visible in Knightsbridge lately. After 15 years or so of daily traffic jams there, they've been narrowing the pavement. The kerbstones, no kidding,

have actually been moved back about three feet, and that's not something you see every day. You see pavements evidently designed for pedestrians to walk 15 abreast. You see strangely shaped promontories of new pavement tacked on to squeeze the traffic in a direction it doesn't want to go. You see empty acres of well-tended pavement, from which anyone sadistically disposed can enjoy an uncrowded view of the snarled-up traffic in the straits historically reserved for vehicles.

Admittedly Knightsbridge is part of the through route out of London to the airport and the southwest. It's also a two-lane highway marked out to carry four lanes. Even so, who would ever have thought of widening the road? And at the expense of a piece of hallowed pavement.

If this sort of thing goes on, they'll soon have to be slapping on a speed limit. Otherwise, if they're not careful, the traffic might get a move on.

Sink or swim

"Declare war on your husband. Give him an ultimatum. A spanking new Leisure stainless steel sink in your kitchen, or else! Soften him up first. Don't sew on that button you promised. Put a wrinkle in his shirt collar when you iron it. Little things like that! If that doesn't work, bring out the big guns. . . ."

Sink ad in the Weekend Telegraph
Like putting a wrinkle in his throat?

Just an old-fashioned girl

"I need a woman to take care of me."—Mr Gunther Sachs von Opel, quoted by the *Sunday Express*.

Positively the most improbable reason ever offered for marrying Brigitte Bardot.

Hey, that's my car, that was!

Well, you have to keep smiling, as Donald Campbell might have said when his Blue Bird car was pranged with a friend at the wheel. Only, of course, he didn't — keep smiling, that is. He was pretty annoyed about it all. He said the car was too badly damaged to repair, and he hadn't insured it anyway. Blue

Bird had come to a sticky end, and so had a friendship, one gathered.

It just shows that it's always a mistake to lend a car to a friend. You never know what he might get up to in it—perhaps make the thing take off like Blue Bird, hurtle clean across a public road (skimming over a passing car), and make an unforeseen forced landing on the other side. And there you are, left with a write-off. It's side-splitting for on-lookers, but somehow you don't die laughing when it's *your* car.

Then again, when the car concerned is Blue Bird it tends to remind people that they seem to remember seeing somewhere that it isn't even the record-holder any more. And they do remember, because last November a young American named Bob Summers set up a two-way average speed of 409.2 mph in his Goldenrod. He did it, too, with a fraction of the ballyhoo and long-drawn-out preparation that went into making Blue Bird go six miles an hour slower.

Also, of course, there's Craig Breedlove with his jet-propelled projectile Spirit of America, which has achieved no less than 600 mph, after Art Arfons's jet-propelled Green Monster pushed the record to 576.5 mph a week earlier. Speeds like that just about erase the memory of Blue Bird and Goldenrod, even if the international rules do retain a piece of pedantry about "driven wheels".

So it's a pity Donald Campbell didn't keep smiling, because that's a more suitable stance

than getting peeved over accidental damage to a car that's rather a back number anyway.

Mister Matron, I presume

"A man has been appointed matron of Rushden Hospital, Northants, for the first time. He is Mr R. J. Flack, at present chief male nurse of a Birmingham hospital."

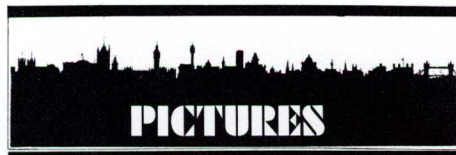
The Sun

You call that sex equality? Wait till they appoint a sister chief male nurse.

Sporting England

Our man in Denmark Street reports trouble on the nudist film front. Apparently the producers found their films were getting shorter in length and not so nudey as they should be. They discovered that opportunist projectionists were cutting out the good bits and selling them privately to home movie devotees.

Now the precious reels arrive with spare copies of the good bits and the instructions: "Projectionists, here are your art cuts. Please do not mutilate original copy of this film." This cunning wheeze is said to work like a charm.



A Child is Waiting carries vast quantities of compassion without ever exploding, as

it easily could, into a spew of sentimentality. The achievement is impressive because the film deals with retarded children. A boy, Reuben, is brought to a training school for defective children. His parents are too weak to cope with him, and he feels their rejection with brutal clarity. A new worker at the school, Jean Hansen, takes to the boy and ends by making him dependent on her—worsening a bad situation. Dr Clark, the head of the school, warns her against it. Despite his orders, she persuades Reuben's mother to visit the school. After a rather horrible hysterical scene, the mother flees, leaving the screaming boy. Reuben runs away and is brought back. Finally he takes part in a show which a wiser Miss Hansen organizes with the children. The boy's father comes to see the show, and at last is able to give Reuben a bit of the response and love he has never had.

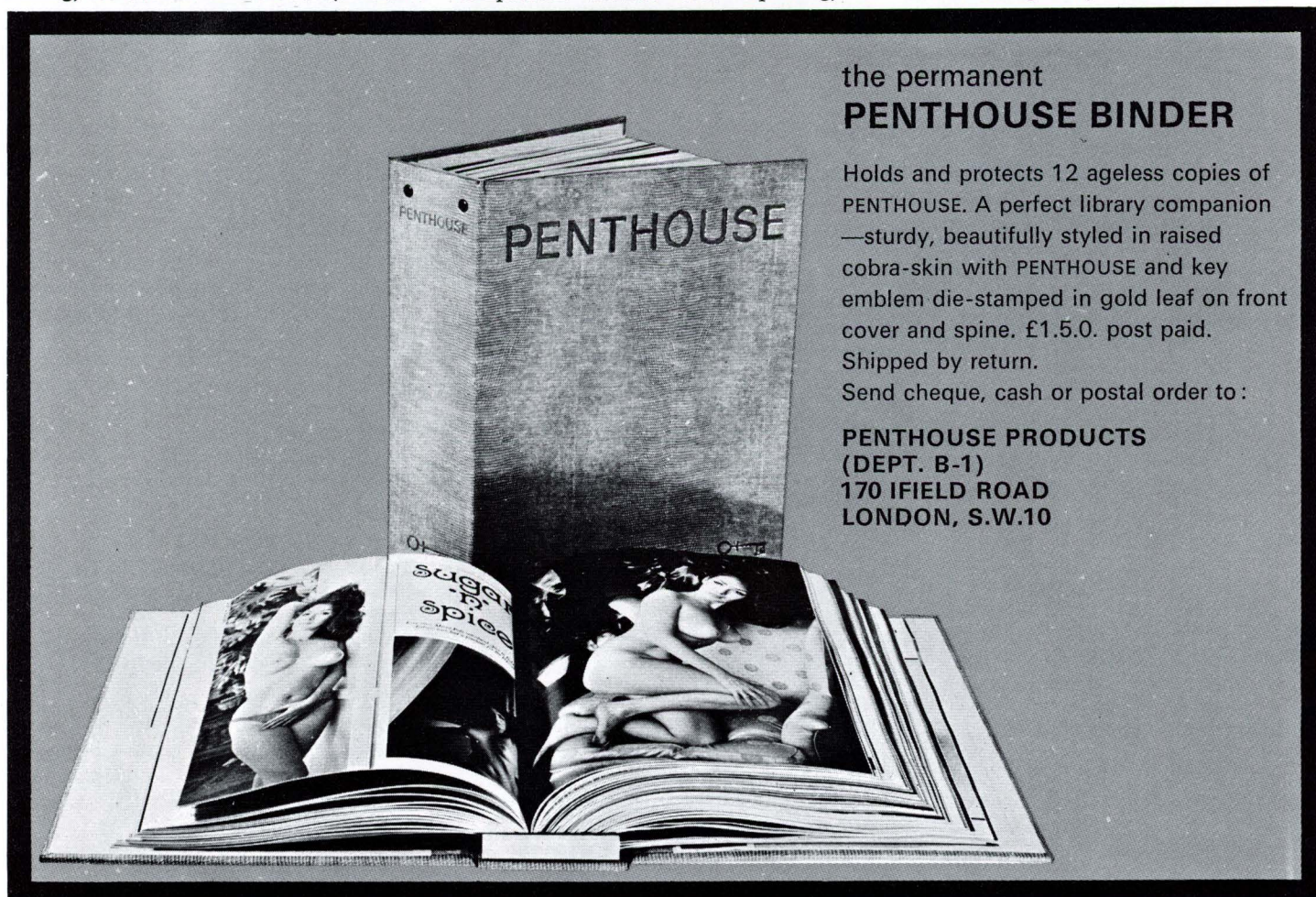
This is all told simply by John Cassavetes, who directs the film. Judy Garland and Burt Lancaster as Jean Hansen and Dr Clark play their parts with a restraint and control that matches the direction. Gena Rowlands has a slightly overwritten part to cope with, but she does cope. Steven Hill as Reuben's father, baffled, hurt, uncomprehending, is also right. The boy who plays Reuben, Bruce Ritchey, gives a remarkable and moving performance. How much of it is him and how much is Cassavetes probably doesn't matter. What does matter is that this touching story has been brought off

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very, very well. There are plenty of tolerable and entertaining films around, but this one is *worth* seeing.

Jean Larteguy, a Frenchman, wrote a novel called *The Centurions* a few years ago. It has now been made into a film called **Lost Command**. It is more than two hours long and has an imposing cast, including Anthony Quinn, Alain Delon, George Segal, Michèle Morgan, Maurice Ronet and Claudia Cardinale. Sketchily it traces the ordeal of a Basque officer (Quinn) from Dienbienphu to Algeria and a final battle with Arab moujahids commanded by one of his former officers, well played by Segal. The nastiness of the Algerian war is rather timidly hinted at in this film, primarily through the character portrayed by Ronet as a sadistic officer. The film is pretty in colour and all that, but it's a postcard war story, shallow. Too bad, because there were plenty of good films in the Algerian war. There was certainly a better one than this in Larteguy's book.



The Blood Knot is a fierce parable by the South African, Atholl Fugard. It was presented some time ago by the Arts Theatre Club and has now been mounted again at the Hampstead Theatre Club as part of a season of African plays. It evokes the claustrophobic world of coloureds in South Africa, using two brothers, one apparently white, one very negroid. (Coloured means, in South Africa, mixed blood.) Through the three-act piece the two men are made to create a paradigm of a situation in which black and white, really brothers under the skin, attack each other because of a mad, irrational game of pretence that white and black are different. The piece is gripping and makes its point powerfully. Fugard writes like an evangelist. A charade in the last act in which the brothers, playing the white-and-black game, suddenly get carried away and almost commit murder, leaves a twinge of horror in the pit of the stomach.

Unfortunately, though, the play is based on a false premise. All men are not brothers under the skin—not even all white men, much less white and black. It is the pretence that they are which is irrational and a violation of nature. Being members of the same species and being brothers is far from the same thing—and this tragic fact, if faced and handled properly by a man of Fugard's talent, would make a far more harrowing play. But first Fugard will have to resist the temptation to which nearly all writers succumb when they put people on a stage: he must shrug off the impulse to tell the audience what to do after they leave the theatre. **The Blood Knot** is powerful, yes. But it's possible to do better, leaving out Bible quotations, for instance.

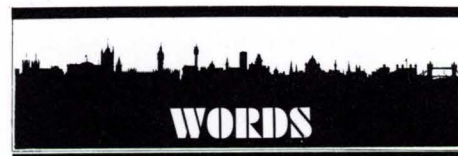
The punning title of **Come Spy With Me** is a good flag for this Whitehall farce. It's an evening of sent-up arrant nonsense, flaring, leering, swooping from one chortle to the next, all of it with the style and polish of a well-wrought cabaret—which is really what the show is.

Not that the whole cast performs as beautifully as all that. Barbara Windsor is a soubrette, not an ingénue—which doesn't prevent her and the audience from having a hell of a time. Craig Hunter as her leading man is pleasant. Richard Wattis as an insane civil servant is funny, and the lot of them make a solid (if not very precious) setting for a glittering display by Danny La Rue. Probably the only other performer that can equal the fine brilliance of his technique on stage is Sir Laurence Olivier—and Danny La Rue has points on him, because here the technique doesn't show. It's there, though. Nothing else could make the horrifying puns and ancient jokes so damned funny. Or make that beautifully timed impudence look so easy. This is a pure star performance, wonderful to watch.

The script is a routine cabaret send-up of any half-dozen spy thrillers, and there are songs with it, also pretty routine—none of which matters at all. The quality of it is easy, light, and playable. Not, of course, for Royal Court masochists or Aldwych acolytes. As for the National Theatre fan—well, some of the material in **Come Spy With Me** will please those who have museumish taste. And if Danny La Rue doesn't make you laugh, it might be an idea to reserve a glass case for yourself at the Victoria & Albert. But he will, he will.

A brief mention for a Sunday-night show at the Royal Court which you will probably not be allowed to see: **When did you last see my mother?** by Christopher Hampton. This is a tea-and-sympathy piece, an adolescent day-

dream which falls apart in the third act. But before it does, it displays a fine promising talent. Hampton can write for the theatre smoothly, musically and neatly. He deserves a wider showing than two Sunday nights at the Court. He also deserves a better subject than the queer-plus-incestuous-adultery triviality of this first play. Even in such a context it's nice to see he can write without the Osborne leer-disguised-as-indignation. Congratulations and best wishes to the young Mr. Hampton. And a rich unprintable snarl for the Lord Chamberlain.



Stephen Schneck is the author. The book is called **The Night Clerk** (Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 21s.) It's a work of reputation and received the Prix Formentor. That means publishers in 14 countries conspire to inflict it simultaneously on the people who buy their products. The *Night Clerk* of the title is billed as the fattest man in American literature. He isn't. A much fatter one turned up in *New World Writing* a few years back. Schneck's book is compared by the publishers to the Marx Brothers, and that is also a mistake. This story of an ex-sexual athlete gone to blubber and sunk to the lobby of a sordid hotel in San Francisco—well, it is lively. The clerk reminisces, or Schneck reminisces for him, over years of what might be called picaressexual activity in many countries. The only thing is, the characters, apart from the amusing ways they find of stimulating their own and others' gonads, are uninteresting, even slimy. (Schneck means snail in German). Their author's jittery, mannered style does have a sort of brassy crystalline glitter now and again. It reminds you of a cribbly piece of iron pyrites, some-



times known as iron disulphide, and more widely known as fool's gold.

Leonard Cottrell, the well-known popularizer of archaeology, now offers to the public a 270-page book about **Egypt** (Vane, 63s.). Three guineas is a hefty whack for a travel book, which is what this is, but there are many, many pages of good photographs inside—100, to be exact, plus six in colour. These will give you an idea of the look of some of the country, though many of them have the disadvantage of being framed in a way that the tourist, if he goes to Egypt, will not be able to duplicate. That doesn't mean they're not nice pictures. Cottrell's text will tell you about what you see in the pictures and some things you do not see. Some of the descriptions tend to go on—but in general it's readable, even if a little academic now and then. The great advantage the reader will have is the interest he has in Egypt which will cause him to buy this book. That is sometimes tried by Cottrell but it's often stimulated, too, and on balance the reader is not likely to feel cheated.

Tallis Books has published, at five shillings, the first of a quarterly series on **Crime & Detection**. It's an indifferent collection of short pieces containing some curious information: fingerprint forgery and how it's attempted, the bland assertion by one Charles Franklin that the murderer Christie was "not in any way insane", various other dully written bits on police dogs, the dating of human bones, coloured policemen, and other subjects. Founding "a reference library of criminology" is an admirable project, but Tallis will have to assemble better material than this. And find someone who can write.

Brigid Brophy is a woman of formidable reputation. It must have come from some other book than **The Finishing Touch** (Corgi, 5s.) Reading this requires an interest in the doings at a chi-chi girls' school in the South of France, plus an ability to read French (about a third of the book is written in that language), plus high tolerance for the most revoltingly arch style to come our way *depuis le déluge*. The story concerns a brief stay by a royal personage at the said school, and the misunderstanding which causes her to be whipped away—when a wasp sting gives rise to newspaper headlines about *Etrange affection entre Professeur et Elève*. As we said, you'd better know your French.

Day of Trinity, by Lansing Lamont (*Hutchinson* 40s.): The story of the first plutonium-bomb test, of some of the people involved, and of the events that led up to it. The frightening quality of the story lies in what seems, using hindsight, its inevitability.

Slipping back into the chaotic context of early World War II, Lamont narrates the early scepticism that surrounded the idea of an atom bomb. Theoretical considerations are put simply enough to be no mystery to a layman. The development of the weapon, slow at first and then speeded by international considerations, stumbling, uncertain until the last moment when "a dazzling cloche of

fire" swept across the New Mexico desert, leaves the reader with chilly thoughts. The sense of crossing a frontier, of final commitment to a new age full of uneasy questions, is well expressed in this simple book.

There are no political theories or moral spouting here, either. The reasons that determined the bomb's use in 1945 are calmly set out and, given the context of that year (CND second thoughts are always so facile and far from any real concern with power), appear convincing enough. Anyone who wants to know more about the opening of the nuclear epoch will find this book a good beginning.

Later in the age, Western civilization came close to nuclear extermination. Elie Abel, an American journalist, tells the story of the 13 days in 1962 when Kennedy and Khrushchev faced off over Cuba. **The Missiles of October** is an exciting and sometimes amusing narrative—not as comprehensive as it might have been, but once more, enough to satisfy most readers who aren't in the business of detailed research. The broad aspects of the story are here, with most of the main events—including Bertrand Russell's hysterical meddling. There is also a good account of how the blockade policy was worked out and chosen instead of an air strike. The tension and anxieties of that terrible week are vividly recalled. So is a sombre postscript. After it was over John Kennedy said: "Maybe this is the night I should go to the theatre". Both brothers laughed uproariously. They were thinking of Ford's Theatre.



The Swingle Singers, "Anyone For Mozart?" (*Philips* BL7656). Though these swinging renditions of Mozart's better-known tunes might provoke purist frowns, one has the feeling that even Wolfgang Amadeus himself might have liked the way the Swingle Singers work. Their gay, lilting, wordless scat-singing has a kind of airy quality that fits Mozart's music not only right down to the ground, but right up to the sky (for the collective octave range of the singers Swingle is phenomenal). Included in this lighthearted record is *Eine Kleine Nacht Music*—all whoops and flings and pows and other intellectual noises. There is also *Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star*—a cradle song reborn with abandoned melodic twists.

Charlie Mingus, "Blues And Roots" (*London* LTZ-K15194). In Mingus' garden of jazz everything is earthy, bluesy, churchy, hot-gospelly, and above all madly swinging. One can hear landladies all over the world groaning at this marvellously uplifting music; for it belongs to tenement rooms, where it's permanently two o'clock in the morning, and everything and everybody is cloudy with whisky and hazy with smoke. Among those present on this inspired session (apart from Mingus, the impossibly adven-

turous bass-player) are Pepper Adams, Jackie McLean and Booker Ervin. Tunes? Well they're like: *My Jelly Roll Soul*, *Tensions*, *Wednesday Night Prayer Meeting*, and *Moanin'*. A word of warning: if you play this record in the cool daylight hours you'll expose a world of musical mayhem.

Great Big Bands (*Music For Pleasure* MFP 1085). From the fashionable 1930s comes this oddly-assorted collection of big-band music. The main ingredients are the timeless orchestras of Duke Ellington (witty, urban, sumptuous); Fletcher Henderson (reliable, stodgy, tuneful), and Benny Carter (warm, uncomplicated, relaxing). To have this record is to possess a sizable chunk of jazz history; whether it was a good historical time for jazz is doubtful.

Al Martino "Spanish Eyes" (*Capitol* T 2435). In time this slumberous, dolorous, captivating record of heartbreaking ballads, sung with almost unbearable sincerity by Al Martino, could well become a valuable piece of equipment in any up-and-coming seducer's armoury. All the classic ice-breaking ingredients are here: insinuating melody, weaving to and fro like a careless caress; tender lyrics, calculated to induce instant affection (look, Mr Brimstone, the world's a lovely, friendly thing after all!)—all of this wrapped up with frothy orchestrations that ought to have any romantic girl as relaxed as one under morphine. So—on with the record machine, down with the dry martinis (or Martinos), off with the lights and may the best lover win.

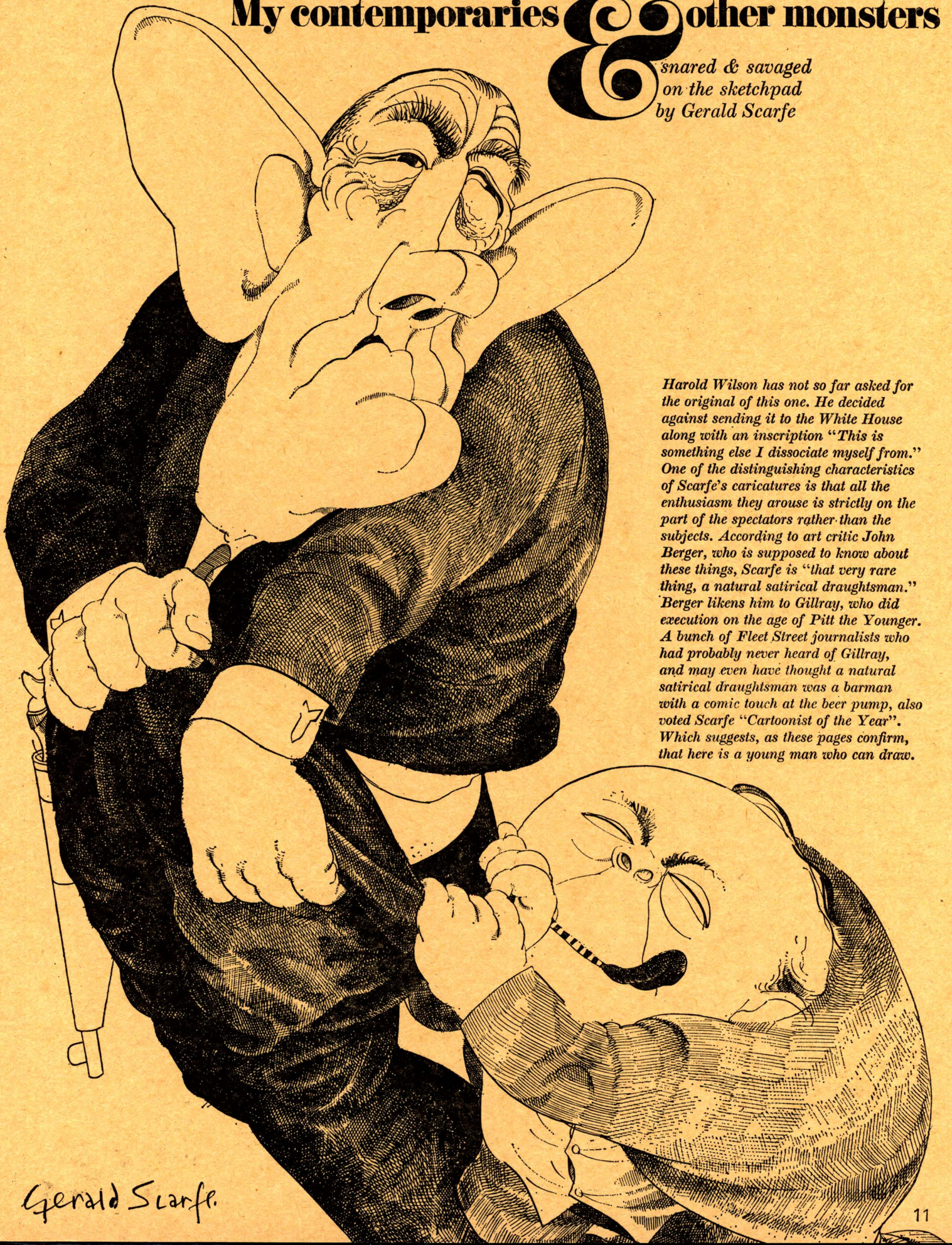
The Righteous Brothers "Soul and Inspiration" (*Verve* VLP 9131). For a start the (self?) Righteous Brothers haven't got any tangible soul, and whatever inspiration they possess must have been garnished from too-long listening to reject Presley sessions. Backed by nine itinerant musicians—who all sound as if they're about to be pensioned off—the brothers warble ineffectual little ditties with voices even more ineffectual. Now and then we are treated to a half-spoken, half-sobbed little monologue concerned with the tragedy of young love and oh God isn't it all so painful, brother? Yes it's painful—for the listener. To rub salt in the wound the sleeve note chants on and on about how "This is total music, history-making, begetting total acceptance and total recognition". In other words, total rubbish.

Stan Kenton "At The Tropicana" (*Music For Pleasure* MFP 1088). Or, *Music To Go Prematurely Deaf To*. Not that, in this resurrected slice of the Kenton big-band wail, there aren't a lot of good things to feast one's battered ears on. One longs to hear more of Richie Kamuka's wry saxophone, and of Kenton's own elfin piano—but oh! the harshness of the brazen brass! and the computer-like section work that drives the flavour of the record into a shell of mechanical sterility. On one track, however (*You And I And George*), a certain Red Kelly delivers a deliberately banal and humorous vocal that even Tom Lehrer would find it hard to equal.



My contemporaries & other monsters

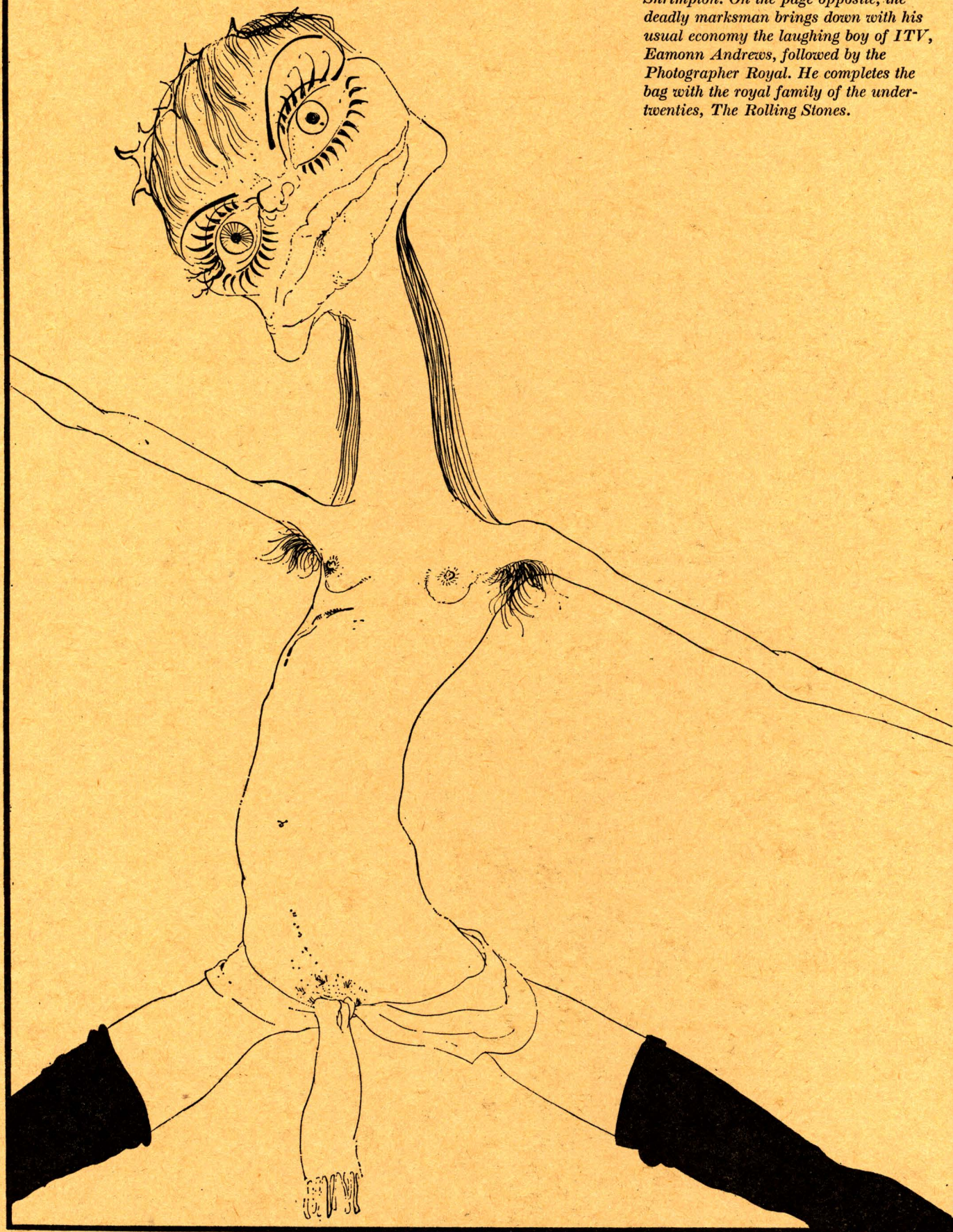
*snared & savaged
on the sketchpad
by Gerald Scarfe*

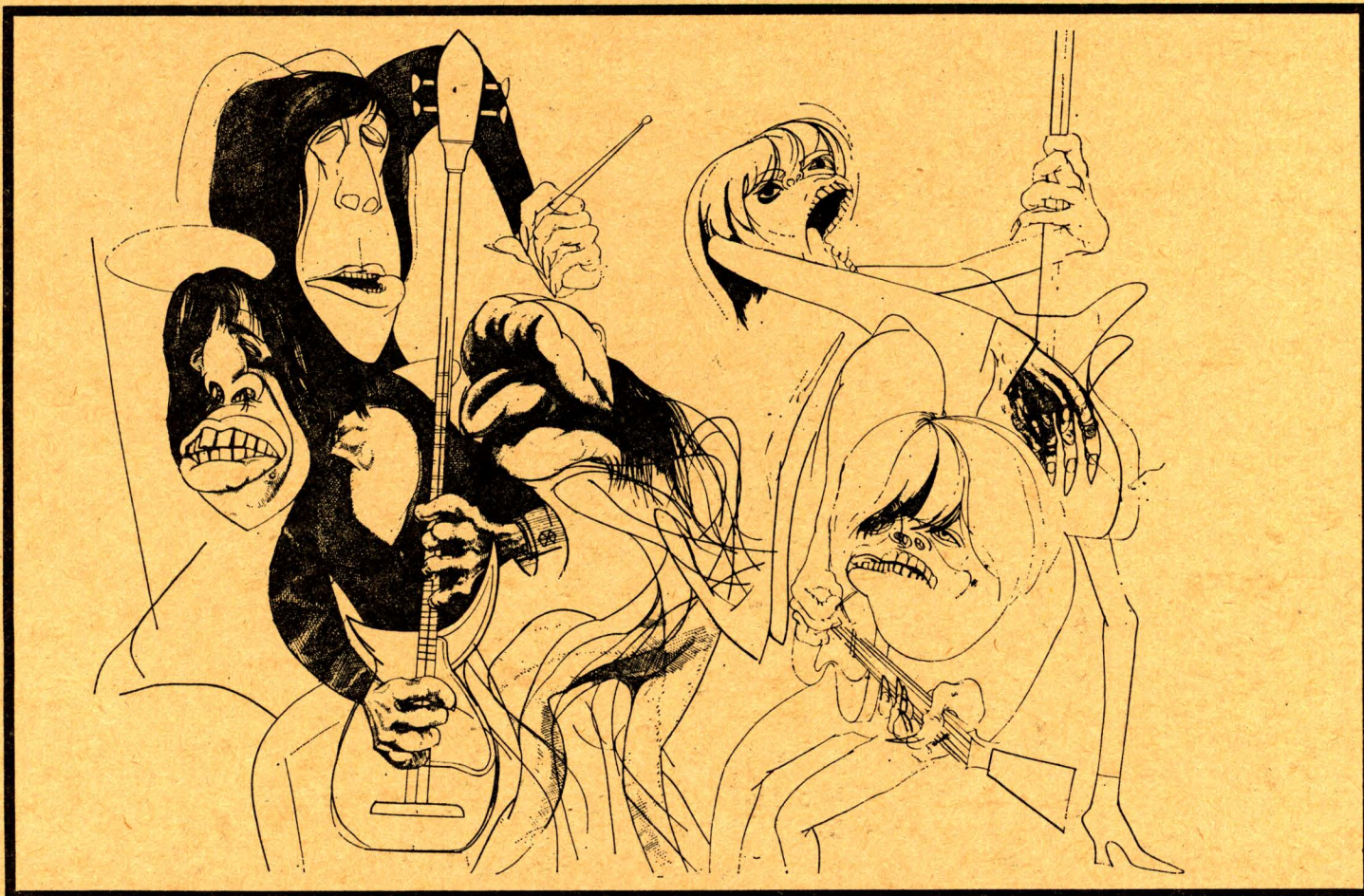


Harold Wilson has not so far asked for the original of this one. He decided against sending it to the White House along with an inscription "This is something else I dissociate myself from." One of the distinguishing characteristics of Scarfe's caricatures is that all the enthusiasm they arouse is strictly on the part of the spectators rather than the subjects. According to art critic John Berger, who is supposed to know about these things, Scarfe is "that very rare thing, a natural satirical draughtsman." Berger likens him to Gillray, who did execution on the age of Pitt the Younger. A bunch of Fleet Street journalists who had probably never heard of Gillray, and may even have thought a natural satirical draughtsman was a barman with a comic touch at the beer pump, also voted Scarfe "Cartoonist of the Year". Which suggests, as these pages confirm, that here is a young man who can draw.

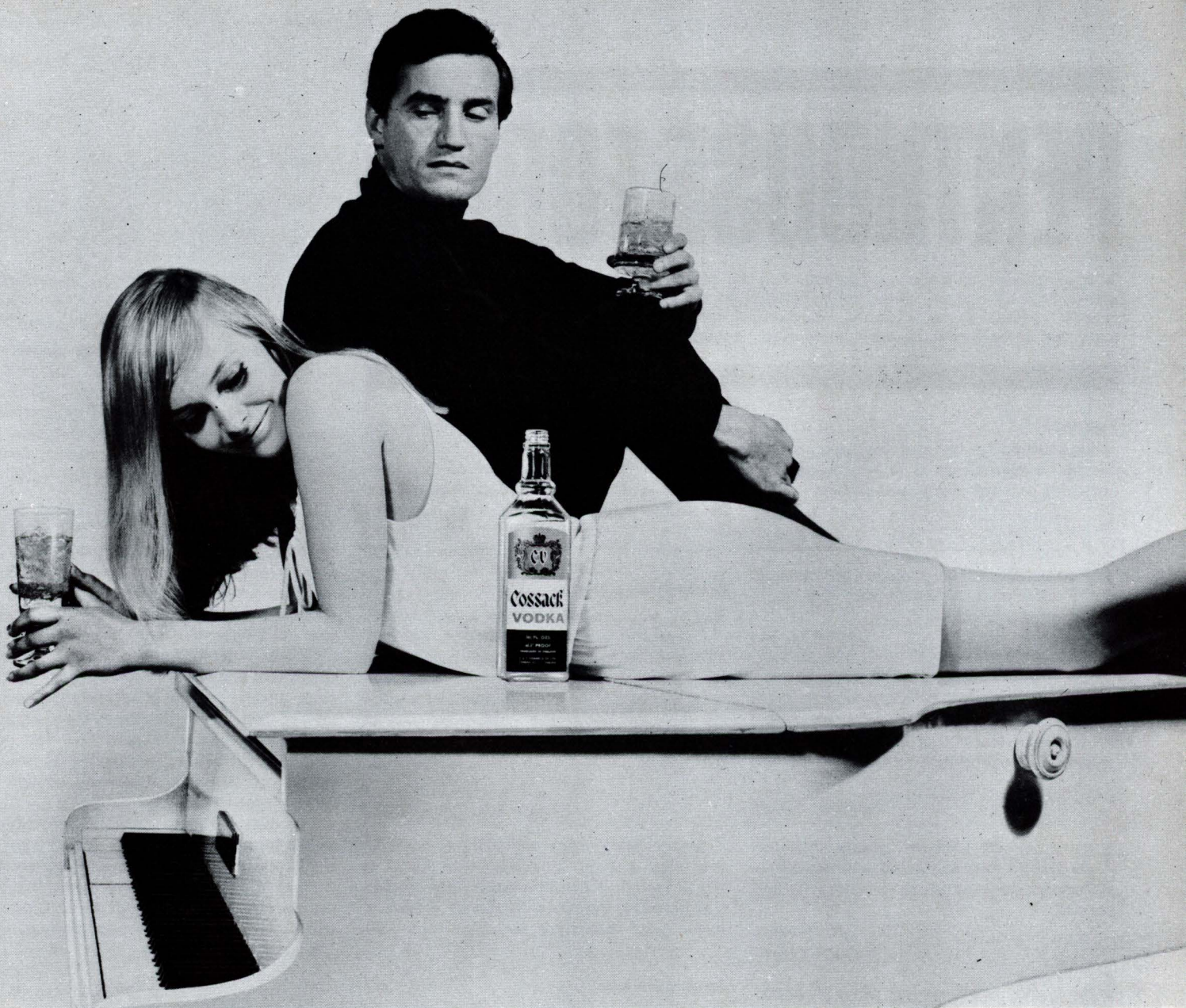
Gerald Scarfe.

More headhunting by the dreaded Scarfe, this time prowling in the world of pop. On this page the victim is Jean Shrimpton. On the page opposite, the deadly marksman brings down with his usual economy the laughing boy of ITV, Eamonn Andrews, followed by the Photographer Royal. He completes the bag with the royal family of the under-twenties, The Rolling Stones.





14



Cossack gets mixed up in all kinds of things

Cossack looks harmless enough.

It's so pure, it's even clearer than the glass you drink it from.
Clearer than the ice you drink it with.

But don't let that fool you.

This particular vodka is made with one hundred per cent pure spirit.

If the British had discovered it earlier, the Charge of the Light Brigade would have been a picnic.

Cossack isn't fussy about the company it keeps either.

It mixes unscrupulously with just about anything: tonic, orange, coke, lemonade, lime, ginger ale or tomato juice.

And if you think a screwdriver is for opening tins of paint, you're in for a pleasant surprise.*

Unlike other drinks, Cossack doesn't take its revenge on you next morning. It leaves your head clear, and your breath clean.

Cossack is so enjoyable, it probably won't be long before someone tries to ban it.

So don't walk. Run.



***To make a
Cossack Screwdriver**

Mix two-to-one orange juice and Cossack Vodka. Throw in some ice.
If you want to make the pleasure last, add soda too.

Cossack VODKA breathtakingly pure

PENTHOUSE FORUM

In which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of PENTHOUSE, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry the writer's name and address (in capitals, please), though these may be withheld on request at the Editor's discretion. Views expressed in these columns are not necessarily endorsed by PENTHOUSE.

Fan mail

Congratulations on your first year and all its achievements. I have pleasure in enclosing renewal of my subscription.

G. L. Gundry,
New Malden, Surrey

I liked vol. 1 no. 9 very much. I always read the letter column first in each issue, as I find it most interesting.

R.P. McM.,
Enfield, Middlesex

Your readers must be as grateful as I am for the opportunity to exchange experiences in a genuine and adult way, thus making valuable contributions to each other's lives.

E.J.,
Surbiton, Surrey

I must say the pleasant, almost intimate, discussion between male and female in Forum are interesting—both questions and answers.

R. Norman,
Rochester, Kent

I think your new issue (no. 10) is terrific.

J. Smith,
Bristol, Somerset

The limericks in PENTHOUSE are excellent.

G. Powell,
Nuneaton, Warwicks.

Carry on with your marvellous magazine, showing in particular more photographs of my favourite models, Miss Amber Dean-Smith and Ingrid Braun.

P.C.,
Leamington Spa, Warwicks.

Thanks for the compliments. All Pet-fanciers should see the announcement on page 52.—Ed.

Through a glass, brightly

To compare your Pets of the Month I opened each number at the middle spread and stood them on edge on the sofa. The effect, I found, was considerably heightened by viewing the pictures from the other side of the room through binoculars. This increased contrast and gave an exciting sense of roundness to the limbs.

In this test, two of the contestants clearly headed the field: Miss Amber Dean-Smith

(No. 5) and Miss Giovanna Podesta (No. 8), both utterly charming. And yet, through the binoculars, Giovanna seemed to me to come so sharply alive that I must award her the palm—a high honour in such company.

P.H.,
Chelsea, S.W.3

A Penthouse club

Why not consider a Penthouse Club in London, and eventually in other centres? The clubs would serve as an advertisement for the magazine and vice versa. I have in mind a club for business people—of a good standard but not over-expensive. In view of the success of the magazine there seems no reason why a club should not do equally well.

A. Cunningham
Craven Hill, London, W.2

Plans for various exciting Penthouse activities are being urgently explored. The latest to reach fruition is the Penthouse Book Society (see page 71). Watch out for further announcements—and thanks for the suggestion.—Ed.

Back numbers

I have this month taken the trouble to invest in your most brilliant literature . . . I have found it most truthful and educational, and I might add very relaxing. May I say Congratulations!

The painting on page 42 [an illustration by Guccione to Walter Harris's story "The Mind Traveller," VOL. 1 NO. 9] is what teenagers like myself class as *way out, man!*

May I obtain from you copies of numbers 1 to 8 of PENTHOUSE as I would like to put myself right in the picture.

Ian Cawley
Colliers Wood, S.W.19

Limited copies of all back numbers of Penthouse are available except No. 1 and No. 4. They can be ordered at 5s. a copy plus 8d. postage.—Ed.

Schmaltz by any other name

The outspokenness of your View from the top is always stimulating but that piece about Arnold Wesker's new play (Vol. 1, No. 11) baffled me. I got the drift that you thought "Their very own and golden city" was guff, but would somebody mind translating that

phrase "Heimatschnulz — middle-class Kitsch".

D. Wolf. Barons Court, W.14

Heimatschnulz and middle-class Kitsch are both German expressions that can best be defined with another one: schmaltz. Musically it means Viennese waltzes and Guy Lombardo. Same sentimental level in other fields. All part of the Penthouse educational service. Besides, we weren't sure ourselves.—Ed.

The why of lesbianism

Although I certainly have not done any formal research into lesbianism, I have travelled around and spent most of my life keeping my eyes and ears open. May I therefore risk a reply to Miss Mills? (VOL. 1 NO. 10.)

The general impression I have gained is that there are many more lesbian relationships among women than homosexual ones among men. This is not to say there are more actual homosexual women — the great majority of lesbian lovemaking is between "bi-sexual" women, often married and not at all averse to men.

The reason doesn't stem from any obscure psychological motive: it's just that they like it. Quite simple. The relevant facts are that (i) the lovemaking is prolonged, (ii) both remain "in step", (iii) the whole encounter can be completely abandoned because there is no risk of conception.

D. Hammond
Denmead, Hants.

Cruelty to horses?

Many "horse lovers" would be the first to deny any sadistic tendencies, but take for example the hackney classes at the larger shows and gymkhanas. The pony is harnessed to a small light carriage—the sports car of the horse world. The pony is groomed to perfection, and harness and carriage have all the preparation of a *concours*. Harmless enough, you may think.

But when the time comes to show the pony to the judges the first thing that happens is that the groom tightens the bearing rein, forcing the pony to arch its neck and hold its head in. The signal to move off (you've guessed it) is a sharp flick of the whip. The pony is judged by "how well he moves". The general object seems to be that he shall be made to trot as fast as possible holding his head as far in as possible. The driver therefore uses the whip fairly frequently, but ensures that the pony does not break into a canter by keeping a firm hold of the reins.

Sometimes after feeling the whip the pony will "break", but he is promptly brought back to a trot by a vicious jerk on the reins. The arched neck and high leg action are

quite unnatural to a horse, and this mode of trotting, though attractive to watch, is extremely tiring. It would be far easier to let the animal canter, but that is not what "horse lovers" want.

The whip is not used excessively in the show ring, but I have seen a pony being trained for such an event and the driver kept the unfortunate animal going round and round for close on two hours. He plied the whip almost continually and when he had finished the pony stood trembling between the shafts, its coat bathed in sweat and its mouth and neck covered in white spittle. The driver explained that he was "loosening him up for tomorrow" so that the pony would be "up to his bridle" in front of the judges.

Psychologists probably have a name ending in ism for this state of mind that derives satisfaction from using the whip on a horse, like Mr Mathewson's girl friend (VOL. 1 NO. 9). I believe it to be far more widespread than is commonly recognized.

If further evidence is needed, has any reader ever been to a circus where no whip is used? Circus owners always make out that the whip is used only as a signal, but the real reason is that they realize the crack of the whip and all that it implies is one of the principal features that draws the crowds.

G.K.O.
Walsall, Staffs.

Religion and sexual disorders

Despite its varied and considerable interest I found Alan Hull Walton's "Religion and its sexual origins" (No. 10) disappointing. The suppression of phallicism is not the most important result of religion's anti-sexuality. Religion has degraded and debased sexual enjoyment—perhaps "joy" is a better word—to a utilitarian function, and a coy secretive source of vicarious thrills. It is this denial of the wholesomeness of sexual pleasure and the freedom to acknowledge delight in it that is religion's most stultifying effect.

The commonest sexual disorders today are psychogenic impotence in the male, frigidity in the female, and orgiastic impotence—which is a failure to experience orgasm as more than a local genital response—in both. The last is an ill whose consequences reach far beyond sex. Those wishing to know more about it are referred to Reich's *Function of the orgasm* and Lowen's recent *Love and orgasm*.

Socially, sex today is frenetic, juvenile, "a giggle". Many who consider themselves free and successful sexually are incapable of responding more than superficially. Many others can only attain some kind of satis-

faction by evoking special experiences—the perverted. These problems are the price we pay for continuing to accept religious ideas about sex as the cause of death and evil!

Since in sex the *first* pattern seems to be fixed—and is so difficult to change—the sexual revolution, when it comes, may well take the form of ensuring that the *next* generation grow up with their sexual responsiveness undamaged, and the freedom to ensure that their first sexual encounter is free from the guilt and anxiety religious dogma so perversely creates.

(Dr) N. Chisholm
Lawn Road, Hampstead, N.W.3

Charity, please

I am sorry Colin Maine sees fit to call the Bible "that foul catalogue of cruelty and murder" (Vol. 1, No. 10). He is obviously a kind man who does not believe in corporal punishment. True, there is plenty of cruelty and murder in the Bible but I am sure Mr Maine knows also that there are many wonderful passages, e.g. the Beautitudes, the Parables, the letters of St Paul.

The Bible advocates also the virtue of charity, a little of which Mr Maine might have shown towards "Consultant Psychologist". He, it seems, did *not* generally favour corporal punishment; he merely suggested it might have been better than the mental torture inflicted on one of his patients.

James A. Cooper
Welling, Kent

Corporal Punishment

The latest chapter in this controversy is an article on page 63, an illuminating survey of a subject discussed by readers since a brief reference to it appeared in Penthouse's second issue. The controversy has the same widespread interest as a correspondence on the same subject in Parents magazine—which began in December 1961 and raged till late in the following spring, with an authoritative intervention in the form of an objective article by Professor John Cohen. Here are the latest comments on the subject from Penthouse readers:

A question of age . . .

I am 25 years old and mad about my husband, to whom I've been married four
(continued on page 73)



And another thing, supposing we had children?

ILLUSTRATION: TONY COMMON





THE CYPRESS TREE

*The girl imagined her dead stepfather's voice
coming down to her from the furled branches. He had made
a promise to watch over her . . .*

Fiction by Walter Harris

"ELLIE, you little bitch, where are you?" The voice harsh as the voice of a witch flung its malign cadence into the hot yellow air, echoed among the rotting farm buildings set in the midst of a landscape rendered so sere by the pressure of unblinking sun that it seemed as though nature had painted it with a stiff, jagged brush whose bristles had been dipped into heat.

"I'm here, Ma," came the answer, quiet, controlled, from the tanned tawny girl collecting eggs from beneath withered hens.

"What you at?"

"Collectin' eggs, Ma," said the girl, coming round the corner of an outbuilding.

"Lazy slut—take you all day collect a few eggs?"

Ellie did not answer. It had long ceased to puzzle her, this intense hatred of her mother's; incessantly injected with it over the years she had become as immune to hatred as to love. She was only 16, but the heat had been a forcing-house to her maturity; she was self-possessed and patient and had one consolation. This was her certainty that her dead stepfather, Jason Earnley, was keeping his word and coming back to the farm every so often to watch over her from the branches of the cypress tree which thrust miraculous roots into the land beside the farm's dying well. One day the cypress tree would die too, and when it did Ellie would leave.

Jason had been dead for two years now. It seemed much longer. Sometimes she even wondered whether he had ever existed at all, and would soothe her uncertainty by squatting under the cypress tree where she imagined his voice coming down to her from the furled branches.

"Hello, Ellie. How's my darlin'? The old witch still shriekin' her head off at you? Don't you fret yourself, you'll be free one day. Had to put up with a sight of shriekin' myself, though not as much as you."

"Stop day-dreamin' and git those eggs into the house!" Ma followed her into the dingy old kitchen.

"Ma, you goin' ever to get married again?"

"Twice was more than enough! A man doesn't appreciate hard work, a woman who can cook and mend and run a farm. A man likes good looks in a woman, and when he gets 'em, what does he do? He takes 'em away fast as ever he can, and then he leaves, just like your father did. Finds some young creature and talks her into takin' him on, leavin' his own behind. I'm fair wore out with workin', drudgin', first for him, then for Mr Earnley, an' all the time for you. You should have halved the work for me, but instead you've doubled it. Always lazin' about day-dreamin'—think you're a little princess, don't you? Well you're not, an' it's about time you realized what you are. You're a lazy slut!"

"It's lonely here without a man, Ma," Ellie said as though nobody had been speaking, nobody offering her harshness instead of love, insults instead of compliments, as though gentleness were something that might lie over the horizon but had never, or at least not for two years, come anywhere near. "If you don't get married again, maybe I should."

"You talk like that Ellie, an' I'll box your ears so hard you'll hear 'em singin' for days. You married, a little slut of 16 without the first idea of what life's about!"

"I'm pretty, Ma. Mr Earnley always used to say I was pretty."

Mrs Earnley slapped her. "How dare you? I used to wonder, when he looked at you, but it was too disgustin', I didn't like to think of it. I know how he used to look at you, even take you on his knee, wouldn't he? Well, let me tell you your stepfather

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

was no good! He was mean—loved the devil, he did, and never went near a church in all his born days!"

"He was never mean to me, Ma."

"You don't quit talkin' back at me, I'll put you out!"

Ellie was a girl inclined to murmur, perhaps a natural reaction to a woman who spoke almost entirely in expletives. "But you need me to run the farm, Ma. Maybe you need me more'n I need you." Need—who needed anybody? It was things you needed, pretty frilly clothes and a look at what went on in the big cities, isolation from the farm and her mother among the New York crowds. You needed noise and excitement and however little you might know of life, you knew enough to see that the farm and all it stood for was not life but death.

"Need you!" shrilled Mrs Earnley. "I'll show you how I need you! Get out right now!"

Ellie stared up into her mother's eyes, hot as the eternal sun, eyes of regret for a love unknown, for a happiness that had long eluded her, for a world eternally and remorselessly shut.

"All right, Ma."

A momentary fear flickered across the eyes. "You'll like it, all by yourself. No where to go, no one to turn to. It'll teach you what it is to have a home, to have your poor mother and all she's done for you."

"Goodbye, Ma. I know where I'm going; I ain't afraid—I'll find someone. Mr Earnley used to say I was pretty enough."

Mrs Earnley realized at that moment that words were no longer relevant, that she had used words all these years in a way which had deprived them of all meaning. Love was but a word to her, not a feeling, motherhood a mockery, daughter merely a slavy, home a lie.

Ellie, conscious for the first time in her life of an advantage, went on quietly: "What will you do in the morning, Ma? Who'll feed the chickens and milk the cow and clean the house? Who'll there be for you to shout at and blame?"

Blame, that was a word which had coloured most of Mrs Earnley's life. The word blame was the storm which drove the rancid river of her resentment to burst its banks, overwhelming any remaining sensibilities, to expire finally in a foam of self-pity.

"You can stay, Ellie. Only because you're my own God-given daughter, mind. Not that anyone'd think it."

"No, Ma."

"Your father ran away as soon as he saw your face. You meant responsibility to him, you meant he'd have to curb his ways. He was no father, any more than he was a husband. Gallivanted off with a woman from Sikora. His blood runs strong in you, Ellie, you're no more a daughter to me than he was a husband."

"Maybe you didn't ever give me a

chance, Ma. I liked Mr Earnley because sometimes he smiled, but I never saw you smile, Ma."

"I've got plenty to smile about, haven't I?" said Mrs Earnley bitterly. "Go on, get out if you're going. What do you want me to do, beg you to stay?" She stood by the rusty old sink, her hair matted, her face almost liquid with sweat, her hands bent and calloused, her legs entwined like trees with serpentine varicose veins.

Yet Ellie, trying to feel sorry for her, could not succeed. In that extinct womb she had been conceived; but her birth now seemed so improbable from this dried-up, spiteful harridan that the word compassion was as meaningless as all the others.

"I don't want you to beg nothing, Ma. But I'll stay awhile yet. 'Cause I wouldn't be just leaving you, I'd be leaving him too."

The kitchen roosted in a tense silence. "Who?" finally whispered Mrs Earnley.

"Mr Earnley, Ma. Before he died he said: 'Every so often I'll come back now and again, Ellie. I'll come and sit in the branches of the cypress tree and look down at you from behind the leaves and make sure your Ma does you no harm!'"

"Your stepfather said what?"

"That's what Mr Earnley promised me, Ma."

Mrs Earnley seized a heavy stew-pot and raised it above her head. Ellie looked up at her unafraid, tensed like a cat to jump for safety. The futility of the gesture, the futility of all that had gone before and all that might lie in wait for her over the years ahead, overwhelmed the woman. She sat down slowly, placed the pot on the table beside her, and began to weep. Silently at first she wept, trying to cry with decorum—an accident, an overflow of water from the eyes without depth or significance—but the truth thrust at her so vigorously that the sobs became jagged and convulsive.

Ellie watched her for a while before climbing the narrow stairs to her room. She lay on her bed and thought: "If there was such a person as Santa Claus, and he came to me now, same as Mr Earnley might, and asked: 'Ellie, what would you like most of all, and no need to wait till Christmas for it,' I'd say: 'Make Ma die.'"

Mrs Earnley as she wept and lamented asked herself how you could love a good-for-nothing, even if she was your own daughter. She tried to convince herself, unavailingly, that in fact she did love the child, had tried to love her, but the joust between wish and conscience only led the truth from the dimmest recesses of her being to the forefront. She hated Ellie.

In fact she hated everything. Her first husband, her second. Ellie on his knee, he winking and sniggering. Deserved to die too, did Mr Earnley. Yet who had

really been punished by his death? She had, of course. Punished by solitude, by the early ending of her life as a fruitful woman.

Her childhood had not been happy. For that—ah, here again the magic word *blame*—for that she could blame her parents and their environment, God and Creation and perhaps her grandparents. All history was to blame.

So Mrs Earnley spent her life with the rage rising off her like damp air off a marsh, and regret cocooned in her heart.

Ellie, much later, came down into the kitchen. The sun was low in the sky, the cow bellowing to be milked. Mrs Earnley still sat at the kitchen table, head on her arms, asleep.

Ellie put down the cloth bag containing her belongings, went out to the byre, milked the cow, carried in the churn. The clank of it woke Mrs Earnley.

"I've milked the cow, Ma."

"What you packed your bag for?"

"I'm leavin', Ma. Maybe it's best for both of us. I'll go down to the tree and tell Mr Earnley I'm leavin' and then I'll go, Ma."

"You'll do no such thing!" But authority was pallid, the shadow of complete loneliness loomed awful before her.

"I can't love you, Ma. You won't let anyone love you. You kill love like it was weeds, growing everywhere, ready for anyone to put out a hand and tear up a fistful. I feel it in my bones, Ma; you killed my father's love and Mr Earnley's and you never allowed for mine."

Mrs Earnley for a moment sat rigid, the impact of her daughter's words searing the self-inflicted wounds she had already identified. This was a hurt that would never be healed. Seizing a carving-knife, she leaped to her feet, panted after Ellie into the arid sunset, down the narrow dusty path towards the well and the cypress tree.

Ellie's terror was vivid in the dead landscape. She screamed: "Mr Earnley! Mr Earnley! Help me, Mr Earnley!" She reached the cypress tree, arched herself like a cat against it; a faint rustling touched the branches.

Mrs Earnley was near now, knife high in her fist.

"Put down the knife, Ma! Ma!" So near she was now, death a few yards away.

Half out of the ground, the root lay before her. She tripped, fell; a dark stain began to cover her back.

The sun was almost out of the sky, the solitude was immense, but Ellie felt no fear. She clutched the cypress and strained to see into its depths and gently rubbed herself against the smooth bark.

"Oh Mr Earnley," she murmured, aware at last of love in the world, of dawning elation and for herself a dawn not condemned, "Oh Mr Earnley you kept your word, Mr Earnley, you kept your word." 



"The trouble with you, George, is you've got a suspicious mind!"



The Heretics

New
concepts
in social
behaviour

The late Dr Kinsey of the famous Report had a word coined for him by Time Magazine, because there just wasn't one to fit him. The word was "sexpert." If that description belongs to anybody alive today it belongs to Drs Phyllis and Eberhard Kronhausen. Together they are the authors of Pornography and the law, Sexual response in women, Sexual histories of American college men, and several other carefully researched and refreshing studies. Both are professional psychologists and practise privately. Both used to lecture at Columbia University Teachers' College on marriage and family life education, and both later became co-directors of a research project, "The Therapeutic Family," for the National Institute of Mental Health. They presented their findings to the 2nd International Congress of Psychiatry at Zurich. In this exclusive interview, conducted in Paris, where this American husband-wife team have made their home, the Kronhausens outline their controversial views on a wide range of socio-sexual issues.

Penthouse: Your works evoke hostility among many of your readers and you receive a lot of accusing mail. How do you explain this reaction?

Mrs. Kronhausen: Well, we are saying that sex is good and one should be able to enjoy it without feeling bad. If you say this to certain types of people they come back with hostility.

Dr. Kronhausen: I'll tell you something else. If you are talking about sexual freedom for the woman, then you have the men against you, because the men believe they should have sexual freedom for themselves but that their women should not have the same freedom. They find all kinds of rationale for this. The women, on the other hand, don't like what we are saying because we are saying that it's natural for men to need a variety of sexual experience—and natural, we believe for many women too. Women feel threatened by that—they see an implied encouragement to promiscuity and philandering on the part of their men.

Mrs. Kronhausen: Also, if you say the homosexual should have sexual freedom, then the heterosexuals will attack you. You cannot win—there is always a group that will be against you.

Penthouse: Would it be correct to say that

your books also evoke hostility because you refuse the reader the reassuring comfort a condemnatory comment might give him—it would support his own feeling of guilt at being titillated by passages he might find in your books, for instance?

Mrs. Kronhausen: Yes, that's right, we say that such material is sexually exciting—we even say that we find it sexually exciting. We do not deny this even after all the years of our research. At the same time we are saying that this is a good, positive feeling. At times we do get overwhelmed by the hostility our point of view arouses. After a lecture we gave in San Francisco, a man came up to me, obviously upset, and said: "Do you realize that you are married to the Devil?" I said, "Well, you know, I've lived with my husband a few years and I think he's a very nice man—and I must disagree with you." "No, no, no," he said, "you must listen to me. Really, this man is a devil." I gave up because it was obvious I couldn't reason with him. These things happen over and over and I must say they do have an effect—you get slightly depressed afterwards.

Dr. Kronhausen: Socially, we simply refuse to talk about our work any more because we have had such unpleasant experiences at cocktail parties. You go to friends' homes to

enjoy a quiet evening. If you get involved in discussing sex it is very difficult to communicate. For instance, people will say: "Do you advocate promiscuity?" I don't know what the word promiscuity means. To me promiscuity simply means sexual behaviour unacceptable to whoever is using the word. It is not a scientific term. The same thing with censorship—the law judges a book or a work of art dealing with sex by whether it has any other socially redeeming value. This notion is cockeyed—who asks when somebody tells a joke whether the joke has a socially redeeming value? It makes you laugh—isn't that enough? And isn't sex enough too? Does it have to be educational, or historically important, does it have to have sociological significance? I don't understand the assumptions of the argument, and it's this feeling of being out of step which becomes so depressing.

Mrs. Kronhausen: People sometimes accuse us of being sex-obsessed. Someone once said: "How can you, as a woman, work in such a filthy dirty area?" To us sex is a natural subject for research and we see ourselves as less sex-obsessed than the average person we have interviewed.

Dr. Kronhausen: We often have to force ourselves to continue a piece of sexual

research because we have so many other interests. We are very interested in international relations, in anthropological topics, in other psychological areas which have nothing directly to do with sex. But, after all, you become an expert and material accumulates and you have to do something with it.

Mrs. Kronhausen: And we do feel, in fact we have received letters from colleagues saying so, that we are the only people who can say some of these things publicly. We have nothing to lose, we are not teaching at a university, with jobs or public research-funds to risk.

Dr. Kronhausen: Colleagues of ours would lose patients in private practice. The kind of patients who come to us apparently do not care.

Penthouse: Have you ever been the victims of any kind of organized attempt at suppression?

Mrs. Kronhausen: Oh, yes—in America about four years ago a pamphlet said that the Kinsey Institute and the Doctors Kronhausen were paid by the Communists to inculcate their particular doctrines.

Dr. Kronhausen: With the idea of undermining the moral fibre of American youth.

Mrs. Kronhausen: There have also been attacks by The Citizens League of Literature against us—they even put our books on a ban list before they're published.

Dr. Kronhausen: Still, there are encouraging signs. When *Pornography and The Law* was published in America in 1959 it was still possible for the local police to call up book wholesalers and say: "Now look, we don't want this book of the Kronhausens' to be put on the shelves. You better listen to us because if you do handle that book we might make an arrest." Now that's a sufficient threat to the wholesaler or distributor, and in that fashion we had 11 Southwest states blanketed out by indirect censorship. There was never a court case in America on any of our books. But America is one of the few countries now in which you can publish most literature. They actually used our book in the case of Henry Miller in the California area to defend his book, and I would say that *Pornography and the Law* has been the most important book in relieving the press of censorship in America. Also, I think we are indirectly responsible for sex education being more acceptable in America today. We're not well known in England but we have had an effect in America and this is why we keep writing.

Penthouse: Why is there really no workable legal definition of obscenity?

Dr. Kronhausen: Because obscenity is not something you can measure or put down objectively. It is something which exists, you see, solely in the mind of the individual. What's obscenity to me may not be obscenity to you or the next person.

Penthouse: Can sex, ever be really a private matter? Its biological purpose, reproduction, is certainly of public concern and other aspects of it concerned with the balanced or unbalanced personality do involve responsi-

bility towards other members of society.

Mrs. Kronhausen: The sexual act itself is certainly a private matter. Now if you're talking about consequences of the sexual act such as children, well we're reaching the point of overpopulation, and people feel that we have got to do something about it. Then it becomes a public question. We feel one way to solve the problem of overpopulation is to tax anybody that wants to have children. And this we feel strongly about. You cannot get people to take contraception seriously, unless there is some way of penalizing them. The only way, as I see it, is to tax them on a per-child basis rather than give them a tax write-off for each child.

Dr. Kronhausen: On our last trip through Asia just a few months ago, we saw why Asiatics think it so important to have children, especially sons—because that is the only way that the Asiatic feels he can achieve immortality, pass on the family lineage, etc. For instance, one thing is said: "If I have no

"The pornographer and the
puritan are of course brothers under
the skin. They both suffer from
an overdose of guilt."

DR. KRONHAUSEN

child, who is there to light the funeral pyre?" It comes down to things like that. Now, rather than attempting to convince this man that maybe somebody else could light the funeral pyre for him, explaining that a certain tax would be levied on each child might be more effective.

Mrs. Kronhausen: That is the important thing. You see people are having children not just because they want to have them or because they like the role of being a parent.

Dr. Kronhausen: I had an argument once with a grocer in Manhattan, and the final insult he threw at me was "I bet you don't even have children." That was right in New York, and he was not an Asiatic. People have to have children to satisfy certain ego needs for psychological reasons that are not always rational. They feel that if they don't have children there is something wrong with them. There was a discussion about an American ad recently which read something like: "Men who make babies wear such and such a shirt". Do you remember that?

Mrs. Kronhausen: Yes, it reminds me of the time we were writing our third book *Sexual Response In Women*. We were talking to a woman who considered herself a very liberal intellectual and she got angry at me and said I couldn't possibly know anything about the female orgasm because I had never given birth to a child. She was the mother of, I think, five or six children and she felt that this made her more of a woman, and certainly more orgasmic than myself, who had no children!

Dr. Kronhausen: Incidentally, this subconscious equation in the human mind of potency and reproduction makes the introduction of birth control distinctly more

difficult. Even in America we have had many many cases of men we counseled who refused to have vasectomies because they equated it with some form of castration. They felt it was a threat to their potency.

Mrs. Kronhausen: We had a fascinating interview in Hong Kong with a Chinese friend who had four children, and admitted that he really only wanted two. He had had four because of the pressure of his parents, especially his father. He finally went to the doctor and had a vasectomy, and when the father found out he blamed this man's wife for allowing it. This was a man who consciously wanted to limit the size of his family but social pressure wouldn't allow it. Many state governments have paid people to have children. They feel they must increase the population in order to create a powerful nation. You see this especially in China.

Penthouse: The same in France.

Mrs. Kronhausen: Yes, that's right, this is de-Gaulle's policy. We feel strongly about this question because being a psychologist and therapist we have spent much of our professional lives in undoing the harm done to children who have not been wanted.

Penthouse: Do you consider that the prurient puritan denies reality in sexual matters in the same way as the hard-core pornographer by exaggerating or distorting the importance of sex in the social fabric?

Dr. Kronhausen: The pornographer and the puritan are of course brothers under the skin. They both suffer from an overdose of sexual guilt. The puritan is so afraid of his sexual impulses that he wants to suppress them in himself and he feels that he must keep stimulation at a minimum in order to be able to function. This point of view was beautifully expressed by the Northwestern American Law Institute by saying that every human being has these two aspects in them, the instinctual and the rational, and that those who (namely the pornographers) rob the soil should be punished, and those who stimulate you and make the scale tip on the side of instinct are villains and should be punished. That was the basis for sanity legislation.

Mrs. Kronhausen: Also, the puritan fears that if he lowers the controls, he will go berserk—he cannot see that you can lower control and still have a degree of control. He sees either black or white. The pornographer has lowered the controls and allowed the instinctual to come out, but his problem is also that he cannot really get gratification at times—he is obsessed by sex but he is as frequently frustrated as the puritan.

Penthouse: It's an odd fact that natural death is at present hardly mentionable whereas violent death is much discussed in entertainment, literature and even political discussion. Could this have any connection with similar public obsessions with the unnatural areas of sexual experience?

Mrs. Kronhausen: Most people are genuinely afraid of death, and death usually comes rather quietly, not violently, to the majority of us. So we are fascinated by violent death.

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

There seems to be a gain where violent death becomes eroticized, and you see that strongly in the culture of the Japanese—violent death is highly erotic to them. At the same time, people with interest in sado-masochism and the kinky aspects have eroticized the kinkiness itself but have not got sexual gratification from the sex act directly.

Dr. Kronhausen: I feel a little differently. To me the so-called kinky aspects, especially sado-masochism—by that I mean hurting people or being hurt—wearing special outfits like leather, rubber, uniforms and so on, is an attempt to substitute for lack of sensuality. I feel sorry for people like that because I think they're missing a great deal in life by not being able to enjoy sensuality by itself. They have to have something dramatic to give them the same thrill, or kick, whatever you want to call it—gratification that I think one ought to be able to get without these additional props. Not that I have anything against them.

Mrs. Kronhausen: We have talked to some of these people in our practice and they see sex itself as rather boring. When you try to point out the gratification one can get from sensuality they really have a hard time following you. You get the same sort of thing in our music today—it has to be so loud because we have built up a certain degree of defence against noise, because of our traffic and other things. Now you almost have to bombard them, and this is not unlike what happens in sado-masochism.

Dr. Kronhausen: Again I think it goes back to sexual guilt. The Western mother does not generally allow the baby and the young child the kind of intimate sensuous body contact that Asiatic mothers allow theirs. I think it goes back to that. I think Western morality takes a dim view of the pleasure gained from skin contact, from smells, from touch, from looking, from caressing. Sense impressions of this kind are discouraged in the upbringing of the child.

Mrs. Kronhausen: In a very subtle way. A marvellous example of this point can be found in our edition of *Walter the English Casanova*, which will be published this year. This is the only writer I know of who with intense emotion, almost with ecstasy, describes the female vagina. To him it was a thing of absolute beauty, which shows that if you really don't have the guilt we were talking about, sex is not boring, not something to become tired of.

Dr. Kronhausen: Nor is it ugly. Leonardo Da Vinci took the opposite view—he said human genitals aren't worthy of artistic representation. We in the West have been brought up to a greater or lesser extent to reject our own sensuality. What can we do but try to find a substitute?

Penthouse: In your book *Pornography and the Law*, you have written of a boy seeing a dirty word as a destructive monster. You mention that society feels itself threatened by dirty language. What is it that the boy feels might be destroyed?

Dr. Kronhausen: Well, again the whole concept of the dirty word rests on sexual guilt. If there is no sexual guilt and no sexual taboo there are no dirty words. To the person with little sexual guilt so-called dirty words mean little. On the other hand to a person with a lot of sexual guilt a dirty word can be dynamic. Now I think what society fears most is that these taboo words may sort of trigger off sexual behaviour on a scale rather like an atomic explosion—a sexual explosion! Billy Graham actually uses those words. There will be a sexual explosion and people will do nothing but copulate and neglect everything else!

Mrs. Kronhausen: Of course to us this is nonsense because you become satiated with sex just as you become satiated by over-eating. But the last Kinsey study showed that most people are sexually frustrated. That almost none of them considered themselves sexually satisfied.

Penthouse: Isn't it correct that inhibition gives sex its grotesque importance?

Mrs. Kronhausen: Yes, whenever you are

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should be one of the
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United Nations charter.”—

MRS. KRONHAUSEN

frustrated in any area you become obsessed by it—you become fixated on it.

Penthouse: The American poet Ezra Pound, commenting on Fraser's *The Golden Bough*, suggested the sexual attitudes in Europe boiled down to two: that sex is good for the crops and sex is bad for the crops. Have your own researches, counting the United States as an offshoot of Europe in such matters, revealed any truth in such a statement?

Mrs. Kronhausen: If you want to extend this comment, there is the great popular fear of sexual freedom—and by freedom we don't mean license, we mean the freedom to have sex when you want to and how you want to and with whom.

Penthouse: You mean that everybody has this freedom.

Mrs. Kronhausen: Yes, it should be one of the universal rights. It should be in the United Nations charter. But people feel that if you have this freedom society will be destroyed because they equate sexual freedom with demoralization and corruption. What they don't understand is that sexual freedom hastens maturity. You learn more quickly to assume responsibility in order to make it work. It should strengthen society rather than destroy it—but people feel that the institution of marriage will be destroyed that the family will be destroyed. We disagree with this—we say it will all be strengthened.

Dr. Kronhausen: Sexual freedom presupposes a new sex morality. A new sex ethic has to be worked out by the individual himself and will eventually, of course, become the

new sex ethic of society. This is a much harder job than to simply accept the handed-down morality of religion, or any second-hand morality promulgated by the group we happen to be brought up in.

Penthouse: Is it possible that many of the puritans who appear to be anti-sex are in fact, anti-frustration? Couldn't fear of pornography arise from the knowledge that in our society sexual outlets are not universally available and therefore its stimulation and consequent frustration might become dangerous?

Mrs. Kronhausen: It's true, we have bottled up some of the outlets today, first of all by making prostitution illegal around the world. We have provided no other substitute. It's a mistake to do this until we have found other substitutes. As much as we think we have changed our attitude to masturbation we find that even the most educated people still feel guilty about it. The Kinsey research shows that this is not easy to overcome.

Dr. Kronhausen: Women especially feel guilty about masturbation. It is a solitary sex outlet which is an indication that other social sex outlets have been made unavailable.

Penthouse: Getting back to the social consequences of this frustration—if reading may not be a causative agent in crime for instance, could it be a catalyst between cause and opportunity, suggesting specific expressions of repressed desires or aggressions?

Dr. Kronhausen: Well, if we didn't believe that reading influences people I think we would stop writing books—so it would be a sad commentary on our own occupation. It is strange, however, to conceive of society's fear that reading about sex will lead to criminal behaviour.

Mrs. Kronhausen: Unless you assume that sexual activity *per se* is criminal behaviour—which is apparently the position of society today.

Dr. Kronhausen: To my way of thinking it's odd that somebody should feel that after reading a story about love-making a person will go out in the street and commit an anti-social act, whereas if you give him a book about, say, murder, then nothing will happen.

Penthouse: As psychologists who have done a lot of work in sexual matters would you say that there is any real social need for erotic material, reading matter, magazines?

Mrs. Kronhausen: Yes we feel that there is, especially for the older adult. This is interesting again, because the censors are terribly concerned about erotic material falling into the hands of children—especially adolescents. Our point is that the adolescent doesn't need sexual stimulation. Their biological urge is sufficiently strong and they are at the peak of the sex drive. They are rarely the ones that will buy this type of literature. But when you become older you do need sexual stimulation, whether it's a beautiful woman or a handsome man, you need it. A book or a film or still photographs can be an asset. We have not discovered an adequate physical aphrodisiac yet so we must rely on psychological aphrodisiacs.

Dr. Kronhausen: Again there is the practical problem that new partners, who are the best stimuli, are not always readily available, especially in our society. So the next best thing is erotic reading material, erotic pictures.

Mrs. Kronhausen: It's ironical because the United States is very concerned about maintaining monogamy, and yet they also want to censor erotic writing. Now if they really want to maintain monogamy one of the best ways of doing it is to provide secondary stimulation through books. If you don't do that, you are going to have people trying to seek more variety in their partners.

Dr. Kronhausen: One has to be careful by saying that. We don't mean to fall into the error of a German professor who wrote an earnest book called *The Golden Book of Marriage* in which he devised 365 different love-making positions for every day of the year so as to save marriage and prevent men from philandering. This is not at all our attitude. We are simply saying that monogamous marriage can be maintained in the face of all erotic stimulation, including that provided by other sex partners. This is not something which will threaten either a good monogamous marriage, nor society, nor anything else that we hold dear.

Penthouse: So that this so-called artificial erotic stimulation can in fact be a useful part or supplement to normal sex; it doesn't necessarily have to exclude it.

Mrs. Kronhausen: No, it is not a substitute—it is a part of the whole concept of sexual behaviour.

Dr. Kronhausen: We have found that people who are interested in sex are interested in sex across the board. They are not only interested in people sexually, but also in books and pictures and films and anything else however indirectly related.

Penthouse: How about the blending of sexual values with a sense of power? For instance, the voluptuous woman as a prestige symbol—has this helped to speed the general loosening of inhibitions which seems to be taking place now?

Dr. Kronhausen: We have an object lesson of that just now in Japan. There only the very rich have traditionally enjoyed sexual freedom. In the feudal period sex became linked with power and wealth. In Japan this is still true today and sexual outlets (heterosexual, that is) are not readily available to the average Japanese, but only to the wealthier class. They are the only ones who can afford the expensive geishas.

Penthouse: Do the people who can't get the most expensive geishas still feel that if they could they would be enjoying similar power?

Mrs. Kronhausen: It becomes a status symbol, like the diamond ring and the mink coat. If you can have a geisha girl adorning your arm you have arrived. The less fortunate Japanese male has frequently turned to homosexuality—we spoke to a labourer who was making something like a few yen a day, and he was having primarily homosexual experiences. He wanted a woman very badly but he said that it was

economically impossible. He might be classified—if you were doing a study—as a homosexual, but give him some money and at once he becomes heterosexual. This is also happening today to some extent in America, England, Europe and elsewhere in the world, because women have become less available and we have turned off prostitution. It goes on at a high-class call-girl level which only a certain class of men can afford.

Dr. Kronhausen: Also homosexual prostitutes are much cheaper. In Copenhagen, where sexuality is a little easier than in England, or most places for that matter, female prostitutes were extremely expensive whereas male prostitutes were available for a song. So even in a country like Denmark you have that problem. In Japan the closing of the Yoshi Wah and the crackdown on prostitution have virtually wiped out the less expensive types. It still exists today but only for the rich, a strange throwback to the feudal ages.

Penthouse: You have said in your books that we are now in the midst of a sexual revolution which is lauded by one section of the population and feared by others. What are these respective sections and what are their motives?

Dr. Kronhausen: First of all let us talk about what sexual revolution means. I think we mean the increase in premarital sex outlets, extra-marital sex outlets, and a variety of other sexual activities. All of these activities are increasing every year, percentage-wise. Obviously this is welcomed by those of us

who, like ourselves, feel that society has been too severe on the instincts. On the other hand, this development is feared by those who feel that a less monolithic concept of monogamy will destroy family and society. Very logical. They will not be convinced by our arguments or anybody else's because fear is not usually laid to rest by argument. It is based on primitive beliefs such as the magic of taboo words. Now you cannot undo that quickly—a conditioned fear of sexuality has been instilled in our society over something like 1500 years. We had better talk about a sexual *evolution* rather than revolution.

Mrs. Kronhausen: But we definitely feel that in the long run it is going in the direction of liberality. Even though we will have temporary setbacks, we won't go back to the extreme conservatism of the Victorian or puritanical viewpoints.

Penthouse: Does economics come into this sexual revolution?

Mrs. Kronhausen: Again, as I said, we feel that eroticism does require a certain minimum standard of living. People who are starving or concerned with the basic essentials of life aren't likely to be erotic because they simply do not have the leisure nor the security. In the United States and Europe we have achieved a standard of living in which people can have privacy, their own bedrooms, a car, good food and drink and clothing, and this does encourage eroticism and sensuality.



"I just can't do a thing with it!"

Dr. Kronhausen: Heterosexual freedom in the past always existed but it was understood that it was for the privileged few. Now it's an extension of democracy, and sexual freedom and eroticism are becoming, so to speak, as basic as the right to work.

Penthouse: Considering these changes in our sexual standards, what sort of effect are they likely to have on social institutions, marriage for instance?

Dr. Kronhausen: Well, you know that old joke; I think it is a good one. There is a

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DR. KRONHAUSEN

couple lying in bed and nothing is happening and the caption is "What's the matter honey, can't you think of anybody else either?" Biologically and psychologically, human beings are not monogamous. They are stimulated by a variety of things and people. In fact, it would be abnormal if you were able to respond sexually only to one person. Just imagine what that would mean, how restricted your inner life would have to be. Now that's exactly what we have tried to make ourselves believe, that this was an ideal, that this was a quality to be achieved. If we insist of course on being otherwise unrealistic we only invite unhappiness and misery. For instance the wife who realizes that her husband has sexual interests outside the home may quite unjustifiably feel that her husband doesn't love her any more. In other words, the need for sexual variety—in my own opinion—has absolutely nothing to do with marriage and love.

Penthouse: There is the other old joke about the husband whose wife is giving him a bad time because he looks at other girls and he tells her: "When you want to worry is when I stop looking."

Mrs. Kronhausen: That's right! This is another example of the mistake of equating sex with love. Why must they necessarily go together all the time? We feel that marriage is changing and that the partners are going to be on a more equal footing. Women are going to have many of the privileges and rights that only the man has had in the past. Marriage will be entered into in a more mature way; you will be marrying somebody because you generally enjoy their companionship or because you want to bring up children with them.

Penthouse: How will these changes affect the children who will grow up in this new setting?

Mrs. Kronhausen: It will affect the children positively if the parents have worked it out and feel secure and understand what they are doing. If they are operating in a hypocritical fashion it will, of course, affect the children negatively.

Dr. Kronhausen: In other words, if they are living according to one standard and trying to make believe that they are living according to another. The children will no longer know what they are to believe is right or wrong.

Mrs. Kronhausen: Many people who consider themselves sexually liberal are not really liberal at all. They might follow these arguments intellectually, but not emotionally. This is, of course, where the problem really lies—getting these two attitudes together. Because if you don't then you are really going to have trouble with your children.

Dr. Kronhausen: For instance, we counsel people who come to us with sexual problems not to engage in sexual activities that they really don't believe in. If a man feels guilty about having an extra-marital affair he has to either give it up or work through the guilt feeling in order not to damage his own mental health or—in consequence—that of his family.

Mrs. Kronhausen: You cannot have parents behaving with sexual freedom and then refusing it to their teenage daughter or son. It just doesn't work. This is what is happening today. The teenagers have woken up to the fact that their parents are sexual hypocrites and they are demanding their own freedom, but parents are still not ready to give it to them. This is the conflict between the generations, and it is very strong.

Penthouse: Does this conflicting situation in marriage encourage young people into excessive leaning on the other partner?

Dr. Kronhausen: Well, young people have been led by motion pictures and romantic literature to believe in sexual exclusivity as the ideal in love. I shouldn't have put that first but I would say that this kind of over-dependency on one partner is more characteristic of adolescence than it is of the older people. If a person does not outgrow it, it could lead to emotional conflict and turmoil, in later life. As the individual gets older (especially the man) his polygamous tendencies come out more and more. He or she feels that interest in other partners means that the relationship with the old partner was not ideal, and that they have to look for a more ideal partner with whom they can be monogamous.

Mrs. Kronhausen: This can become catastrophic—everything is destroyed, including the marriage. If they were mature enough they might not go through with the divorce, but keep the marriage together especially if it were a good marriage from the beginning. But many marriages are broken up when the partners start finding themselves interested in other people sexually.

Penthouse: Well, how will this general loosening of inhibitions, which seems to be taking place, affect the values which have been placed on sex?

Dr. Kronhausen: Oddly enough, the easier it is for a person to express himself sexually according to his or her needs, the less importance the person will place on sexuality. We have seen certain places in the world where

sexual freedom is greater than ours like in Scandinavia, where prostitution is legal like in Formosa, or where prostitution is not too expensive and is practised on a wide scale as it formerly was in Europe—for instance Bangkok, and Thailand. We have found very little concern with sex in those places. In Scandinavia there are willing partners without pay—in parts of Asia there are willing enough partners for very little remuneration. We feel that gradually this concern with sexuality will decrease in our society.

Mrs. Kronhausen: Remove all censorship and you might, at the beginning at least, have a tremendous production of pornography and erotic literature, but people will soon become more selective, the quality of the material will go up, and people will buy a smaller amount.

Dr. Kronhausen: There is only one thing that makes me think perhaps my earlier statement was a bit too conservative because, after all, eroticism seems to have such a vitalizing effect on the human temperament. I think that with even greater sexual freedom you will still find a considerable interest in sexuality and eroticism and the flourishing of erotic art and erotic literature will continue, but the obsessive preoccupation will eventually cease. You will find more erotic art of an understandably higher quality. You have this today in Scandinavia where, for the first time in Western history, a higher class of erotic literature is making its appearance. Artists are producing drawings, pictures, sculpture etc. on erotic subjects, and the need to do so will endure because sexuality has this dynamic effect on people. It makes you feel alive, it stimulates physical and mental activity and kindles intellectual sparks.

Penthouse: Would you say that the sexual revolution largely consists of the fact that sex is slowly and openly acquiring a more normal place in society?

Mrs. Kronhausen: Yes, yes!

Dr. Kronhausen: But, as we said before, we think the process will take a much longer time than people believe. I think it will take several hundred years.

Mrs. Kronhausen: We are not misled by what a lot of people think is sexual freedom. It looks as if there is more sexual freedom today than there really is, and we question how many of these people who are having a very ostentatious sexual life are really free. We don't quite buy it, and this is why we say it will take longer. We operate more on the emotional feelings and attitudes, and we feel that they are changing much more slowly.

Dr. Kronhausen: As we go around the world, and we've been doing this two or three times within the last few years, we see the same situations everywhere. Humanity is in a sad state sexually. You cannot blame it only on Christianity, or on any one religion, or on the Western world. Asia has its own sex taboos, its own sex problems and Africa has its own and the South Sea Islanders have their own problems. We feel that sex is one area where humanity is probably most retarded. It will take a long, long time before we come out of the bushes sexually. 



"I'd like you to have a stab at something for me, Brutus"

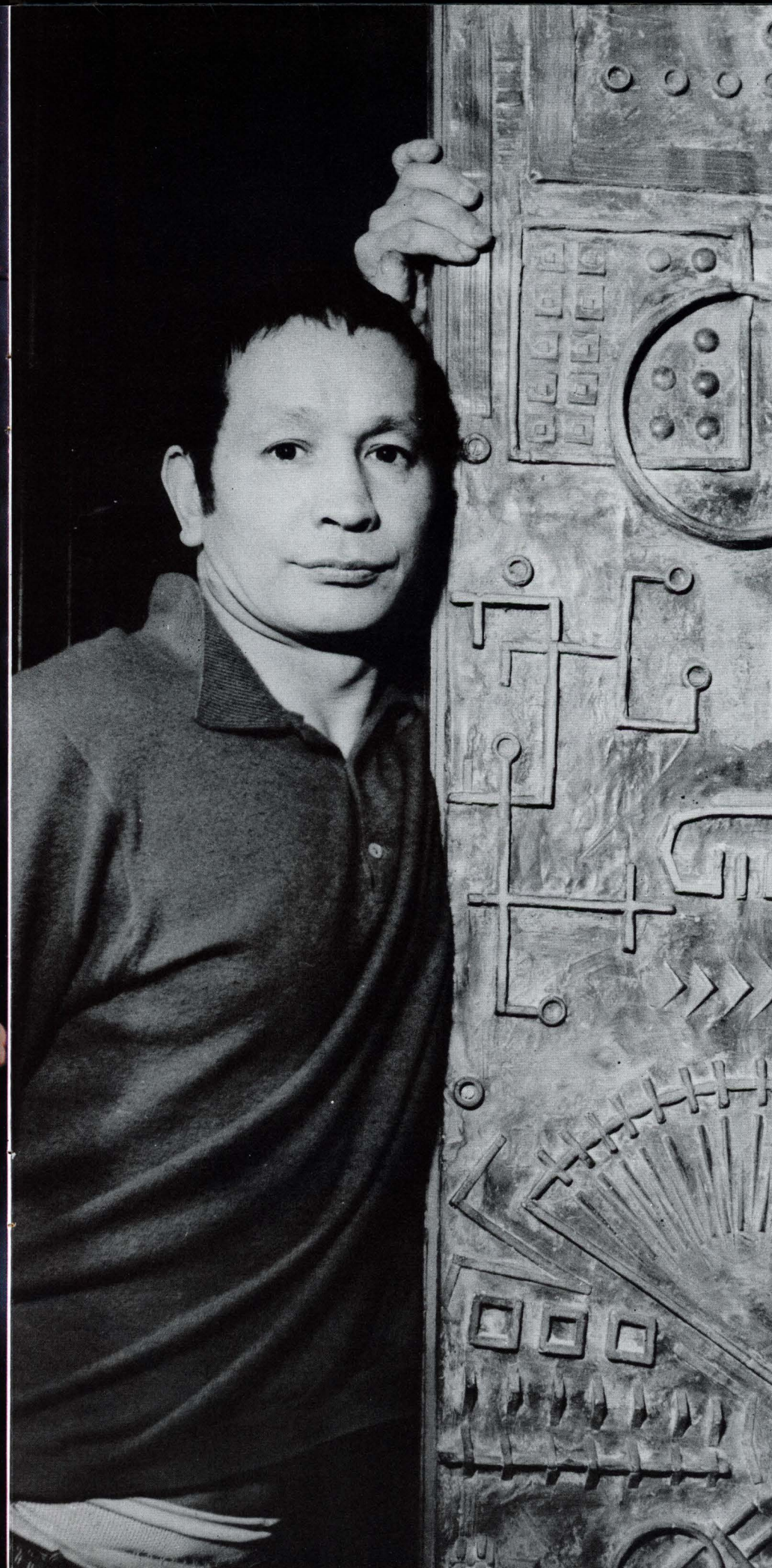
PENTHOUSE PEOPLE

*Introducing two disparate personalities
with two things in common:
both are headed for the top and both strike at
success from a part-time base*

Neil Ardley is a new phenomenon in popular music: a semi-pro whose New Jazz Orchestra has shouldered the professionals out of the spotlight. He directs the band and arranges for it by night. By day he works as an editor of an international edition of an American encyclopaedia. Ardley is 29, the second of three sons from Wallington, Surrey. "Mother could play the piano but there was no music in the family really." Ardley started changing that at 13, when an aunt willed them a piano. Within a year he was performing at Wimbledon Music Festival (where his rendering of *Bobby Shafto* was acclaimed), and soon afterwards he briefly took up the saxophone. He kept up his interest in music while taking a B.Sc. at Bristol, where he met his wife, but didn't make much musical headway till he joined a student orchestra led by Tony Russell (who later wrote *The Matchgirls*). He joined as pianist, but soon found his flair as an arranger. All the time he had nine-to-five weekday jobs, first in a paint factory, then in a patent agency, and finally on the encyclopaedia. There he met a young pianist, Lionel Grigson (son of Geoffrey Grigson), from a new big band in south London. He wrote two scores for it and was invited to stay as its musical director; the New Jazz Orchestra, as it became, was on its way. When Decca took a chance on an LP in July 1965 the record was immediately voted Jazz LP of the Month by both *Melody Maker* and *Jazzbeat*—and this was the first time that a semi-pro big band had been commercially recorded. One turning-point came when Don Rendell, tenor-sax idol of his youth, recorded a tune of Ardley's (*Shades of Blue*) and later joined the NJO. Today the NJO is certainly the finest jazz orchestra in Britain. It can claim outstanding musicians in Rendell, trumpeter Ian Carr, trombonist John Mumford, pianist Michael Garrick, and drummer John Hiseman. It dominates with its imaginative scores by Ardley, its vitality and its wide range of expression. In October the band will be playing at the London concerts of Stan Getz and Dave Brubeck.



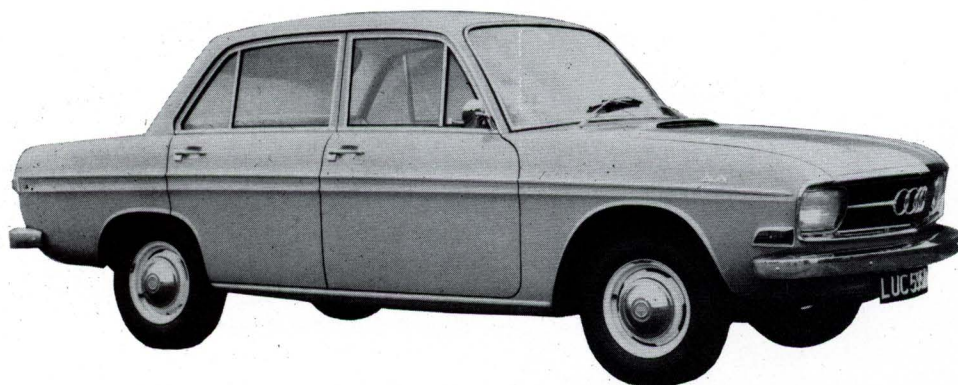
Valery Allen



Ron Hitchins is a Cockney of parts. Already a headliner as world marathon jive record-holder and noted Flamenco dancer, he is now building a new reputation, at 40, in the world of art. His one-man exhibition at the John Whibley Gallery was saluted by the *New York Times*, *The Guardian*, and the *Christian Science Monitor*. Success in art has compelled him to abandon his long-time staple: until a few months ago he sold shirts off a stall down Petticoat Lane, as he had done every Sunday since 1953. He kept his stall in the front garden and pushed it to his pitch. On Saturday mornings he pushed it to a market down the road from his home in a Victorian terrace in Dalston. "All I want in life is to be 'appy, and at the moment I'm very 'appy indeed." Vivid communication and sheer energy transcend dictional frailty and lack of formal education. A homeless street urchin at 11, he was brought up by a series of guardians. Before settling for flogging shirts he tried coalmining, engineering and soldiering. Along the way he met Antonio and decided to take up Spanish dancing. "I went round to meet 'im in 'is dressing-room and said I'd learn to dance like 'im in six months. 'E told me it would take a bit longer and I'm still learnin'." Just the same, it came naturally to him, and he has danced on television, at the Albert Hall, several West End cabarets, and was two years at Casa Pepe. Now he appears every Monday night at the Troubadour in Old Brompton Road. It was the same with art. He began taking an interest in ceramics when he wanted to decorate his bathroom and couldn't find any tiles he liked. So he set about making them. From there he moved on to exploring glass-fibre panels for wall decoration. Lately he has been approached about producing a series of panels for a business house. It's been a roundabout route to Ron Hitchins's latest brush with success, which is always where you find it.

A FLAVOUR OF 'MERC' FOR THOSE WITHOUT THE BANK BALANCE

ROAD IMPRESSIONS OF GERMANY'S AUDI BY W. WYNN-CRONKITE



A newish name on four wheels in Britain is the Audi, an import from Germany, where it is the product of collaboration between Daimler-Benz and Volkswagen. It has a notable ancestry. The pre-war Auto-Union racing cars, the massive Horsch, the economical DKW and the little-known Wanderer all contribute to its heredity. The outcome is four-square car, clean-cut and solid, with doors that can be well-nigh flicked shut. The engine is by Mercedes and the body is by Volkswagen, adding up to a combination that I soon became fond of, despite a colleague's foreboding.

The engine is mounted ahead of the front wheels, which it drives, giving the car's interior a flat floor and plenty of room in the rear passenger compartment. Ticking over, the Audi sounds rather like a diesel, perhaps because its 1,686 c.c. four-cylinder engine has the high-compression ratio of 11.2 to 1. The engine is inclined to one side, with a radiator wedged in at the side at 45 degrees. Battery and nine fuses are very accessible; there is an alternator instead of a dynamo.

The Audi's seats have been deliberately designed not to yield to the heaviest posteriors; Auto-Union believe that it is much more restful over long periods of time to be sitting on hard seats rather than soft ones. This is something for individual appraisal, but certainly after several hours' driving the car did leave me refreshed and relaxed. There is no

arm rest in the centre of the commodious back seat, but there are handsome grab handles for the rear-seat passengers, and another on the scuttle for the front-seat passenger.

The test car had a Motorola radio and, judging by the way it was built into the fascia, this would be hard to steal. Despite appearances, it is alas not standard but additional equipment. The speedometer pairs a dial containing temperature gauge, fuel gauge and clock; the instrument layout resembles the Triumph 2000. Strangely, there is no trip odometer. The windscreen wipers operate by turning anti-clockwise a flexible rubber knob, something like a miniature bulb-horn. When squeezed this spits water on to the screen.

The Audi's acceleration is vigorous, but it runs out of revs rather soon in first. On the test car, the gear-lever was as taut as steering-column levers can ever be, but second gear was difficult to engage, especially when changing down, and reverse was so sticky that going forwards after reversing became less achievement than ambition. Synchromesh on first was excellent, however, and no doubt many Audis have lived to ride another day because of this when their owners have inadvertently changed down from top into first instead of third, a mistake not so difficult to make as it should be.

Round Brands Hatch the Audi felt extremely safe. Cornering hard, the

tyres wailed but the car did not roll, and one felt that it would be almost impossible to corner beyond the limit. The rack-and-pinion steering is light, but the steering-wheel moves through four turns lock to lock. Personally, I would prefer steering much more highly geared, even though this would make the Audi more laborious to park. According to the general manager of Auto-Union this trend towards low-geared steering is increasing on the Continent, and is emphasized in the new Mercedes range.

The Audi costs £1,198 inclusive of import duty and tax (£990 basic) and at this price must be considered on its own merits rather than compared with British cars in a similar price bracket. Rarity value does have an appeal for some car buyers, and the Audi owner will enjoy driving a marque that will not be found in every English car park.

To sum up, the Audi is well-built, pleasant to drive, good but not outstanding in performance, economical (just over 33 m.p.g. with a range of 360 miles per tankful), and roomy.

Being remarkably clean in conception, the Audi will enable those whose hobby is weekend car-washing to keep it immaculate; there are no noticeable crevices to nurture rust. In fact, this is just the car for the Mercedes-inclined who lack a Mercedes bank balance.





©Jane





Decoratively ensconced among the galleys and gambols of our own free-wheeling editorial mélange, 19-year-old copy assistant Jane Beaufort rounds out our first, official year in publishing by becoming PENTHOUSE'S second home-grown PET OF THE MONTH. A personable addition to the PENTHOUSE personnel, staffer Jane joined us early in June—a portentous indication that summer's brightest days were yet to come. "I finished school and had to make up my mind what to do," says she. "It was a choice between teaching, drama or settling down into a nice cosy nine-to-five. I've always had a yen to write; I love journalism and used to contribute to our school paper. An office job in anything but publishing would bore me to tears. Magazines are exciting and you get to meet all kinds of interesting people." Agreeing with the ebullient Miss Beaufort is as easy as it is immodest but, then, mutual admiration—particularly in the case of our personal and private Pet—never was one of our weak points.

Jane's alternate vocation, drama, is an inculcation of the passed-along tribal tradition. "My mother

(continued on page 37)









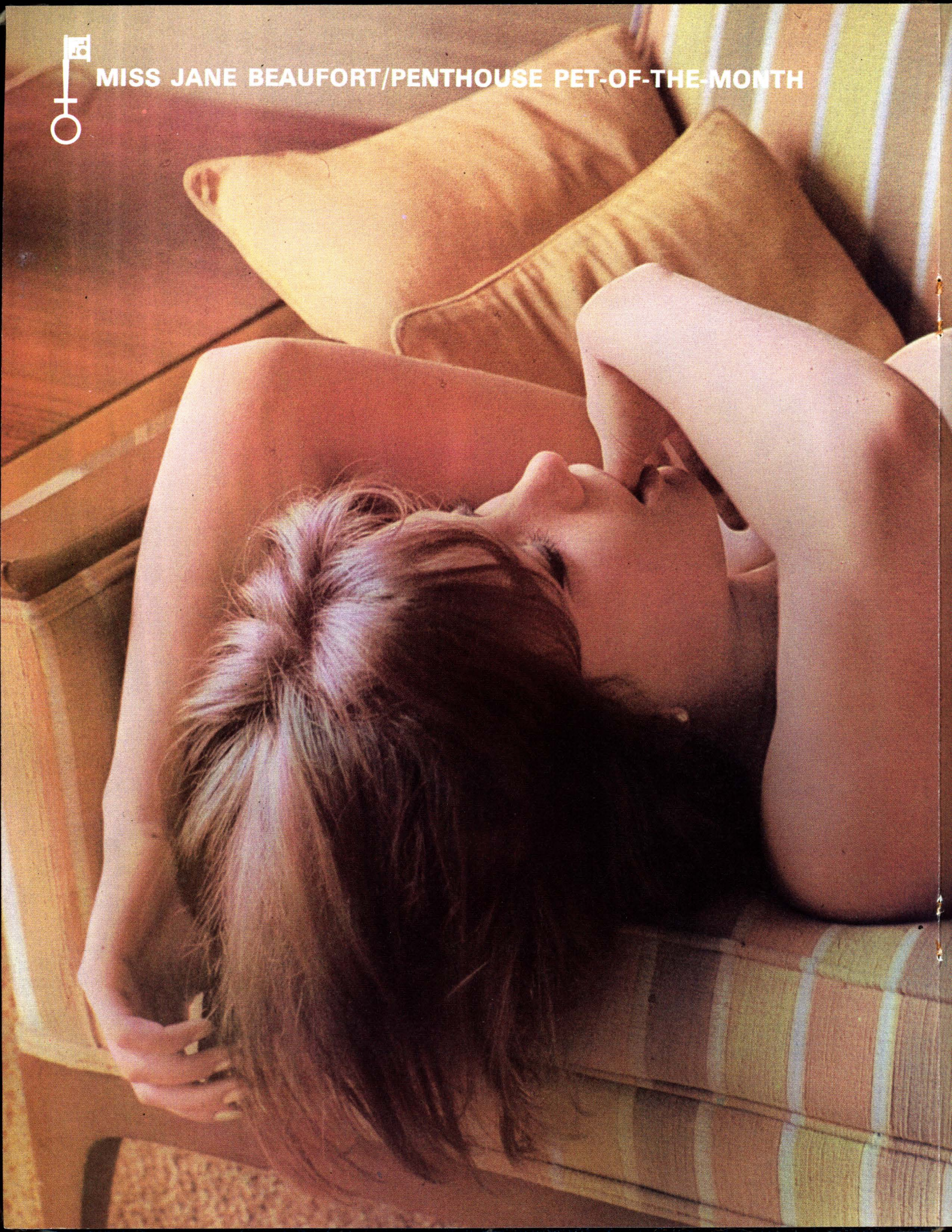
was an actress and so was her mother and her mother before her. My father is a successful estate agent and frustrated television scriptwriter and I have two uncles, three aunts and an older brother, all of whom are in various branches of entertainment. For the moment, I'm the only one to break with the family tradition. I have a younger sister, 14, and even she's studying to be a dancer."

Teaching, according to Jane, was a tertiary ambition—"A natural extension of my need to be and work with other people, I suppose. There's something of the theatre in teaching, because you're on stage and you have to influence and stimulate the minds and imaginations of your audience. Growing up in a theatrical atmosphere makes you much more dependent on other people. You become terribly self-conscious—always aware of the other person's reaction."

Our reaction is one of unreserved approval—a constant in the inter-departmental scheme of things which, along with the evidence carefully documented in these pages, we pass along to you. 



MISS JANE BEAUFORT/PENTHOUSE PET-OF-THE-MONTH





cinemagic

by GUCCIONE

GENTLEMEN,
I HAVE
JUST SEEN
THE FINAL
RUSHES ON
OUR LATEST
FILM, "THE
MONSTER
TAKES A
WIFE"



AS YOU ALL
KNOW, THE
P.R. BOYS
ANTICIPATE
A **BAD** PRESS, A
GENERAL PUBLIC
INDICTMENT ON
MORALITY
GROUNDS, AND A
ROUND-ROBIN
BAN IN AT LEAST
607 DOMESTIC
MARKETS AND
12 FOREIGN
CAPITALS....



I ALSO FIND THAT
OUR LEADING LADY,
MISS MANSRINGE,
IS **COMPLETELY** DEVOID
OF TALENT— SHE IS
LOUD, CRUDE AND
HER PERFORMANCE
IS NOTHING MORE
THAN A
PROLONGED
ACT OF **VULGAR**
SEXUAL
EXHIBITIONISM



OUR MONSTER IS
AS **OFFENSIVE** AS
ANYTHING IVE EVER
HAD THE DISPLEASURE
OF SEEING — THE
WHOLE CONCEPT
IS **SICK** AND
THE DESIRED
APPEAL-LEVEL
LEAVES ME
IN SOME DOUBT
AS TO THE
GENERAL STATE
OF OUR
NATION'S
MENTAL HEALTH



THE STORY
LINE IS
VAGUE,
STUPID,
INFANTILE
AND WILL
DOUBTLESS
DEFY THE
LOWEST
IMAGINABLE
AREAS OF
HUMAN
CREDULITY....

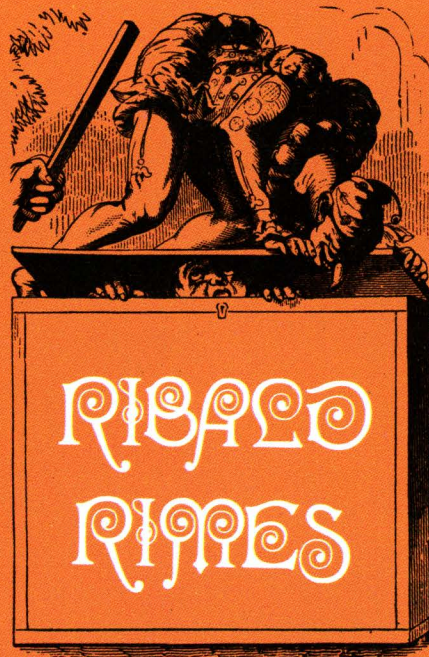
GENTLEMEN.....



I
THINK
WEVE
GOT
ANOTHER
WINNER



Guccione



EDITED BY JOHN D'AMICIS

*A witless young nymph from the sticks
Could be made to indulge in strange kicks.
To amuse the young men
She would take up to ten
To practise group therapeutrics.*



*There was a housemaid in Auxerre
Who shaved her pubis bare.
Said the chef in surprise,
Catching sight of her thighs:
"Magnifique, mais ce ne'st pas la guerre!"*



*A virginal skipper named Tate
Said a celibate life was just great
—Till a new cabin boy
Came aboard in Hanoi
And wound up the captain's first mate.*

*An undersexed bank clerk named Madrigal
Lacked assets you'd hardly call radical.
For the raise he required
Is normally acquired
Through figures quite unmathematical.*



*A woodman, remote and depressed,
Grew unhinged by the sombre forest.
The sight of each tree
Spurred his thoughts phallic-ly
—Especially those with a nest.*

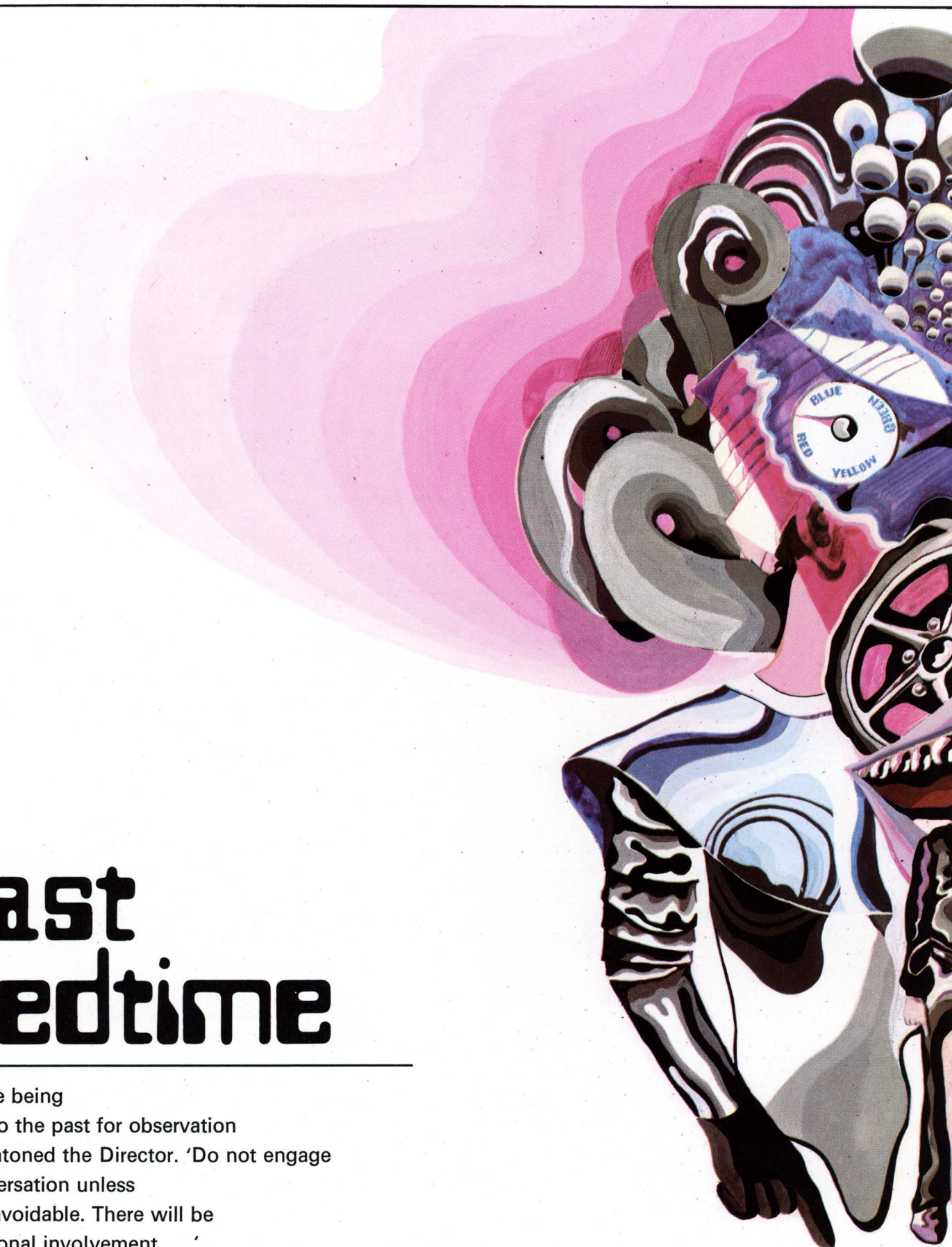


*John D'Amicis, whose pseudonym "Grimes",
Once appeared in the Financial Times,
Called the Budget absurd,
Used a four-letter word—
Now he's back to writing these rhymes!*

Past Bedtime

'You are being sent into the past for observation only,' intoned the Director. 'Do not engage in conversation unless it is unavoidable. There will be no personal involvement . . .'

Science fiction by Geoffrey Norris





"We really must get on with something else," said Kundella in her prim, matter-of-fact way. "Sex is making us waste too much time."

Bartcha swivelled his stool round away from his memory-conditioning machine to turn his gaze on his instructress.

"But I just fail to understand why it should seem so alien to us," he complained. "After all, your body is basically the same as that of a primitive woman and there's nothing really distinguishable between myself and a man of that time—apart from the colour of our skin, that is." He paused while he took a long look at Kundella with her slim symmetry, smooth, copper-coloured skin and neat, flat bosom. His gaze was an open appraisal like one viewing a great piece of sculpture or admiring a wonder of miniature engineering. Then he sighed almost despairingly.

"Why," he said, "can't you rouse in me those instincts which seemed so wonderful to the primitives?"

Kundella sat in silence for a while, as she did so often when he persisted with his verbal questions, and Bartcha reflected briefly on the problems of the super-efficiency of life in the 35th century. There wasn't, he thought, enough direct contact between people in the various Groups in the World. A person came straight from the post-embryo preparation laboratories fully equipped with all the knowledge and art needed for his or her allotted place in society. He had been germinated for the Time Travel Group—luckily at the moment of a breakthrough. He had had the further good fortune to be chosen for a leading part in one of the most dramatic experiments of the modern age since those poor souls were shot off to Vega—and Kundella had been germinated / *continued overleaf*

(perhaps "manufactured" was the better word)—for the Cultural History Group. Her normal task was the preparation of indoctrination tapes for embryo and post-embryo education.

But for this unique experiment the two of them would never have met, yet alone conversed. It wasn't therefore, surprising that he found as much trouble assimilating her verbal instruction as she had in giving it.

"Let's look more closely at the period during which sex disappeared. This could help you understand your lack of feeling on the subject." Kundella's business-like voice launched into a confident survey:

"The trouble started with the terrible increase in radiation after the First Nuclear War. Normal sexual reproduction in use at the time left the embryo open to many hazards. There was, therefore, a strong stimulus to develop synthetic reproduction. These people already had the necessary basic knowledge and it didn't take them long to bring the art to a practical stage. Even so, it wasn't an immediate success. You and I find it difficult to comprehend humans persisting in sexual reproduction when far better methods were available, but they did. It was at this stage that the World Council of the time took a definite step to overcome the addiction."

"But I thought that no physical changes were ever made," Bartcha interrupted.

"Indeed they weren't. It has always been possible to make anatomical alterations—in fact, we could reproduce any type of being we liked—but it was thought morally wrong to tamper in any way with the human body. Psychological conditioning of all synthetic babies was enough. It took a few generations, but by the time of the last of the Nuclear Wars there were few people left who showed any interest in sex. As you know, this was when we virtually lost contact with the primitive world. Few records exist to show us just what life was like then, but we do know that practically all those still practising sex were destroyed.

"Men and women stopped dressing in different clothes and became as we know them today, just two slightly different versions of the same animal. The nouns 'man' and 'woman' no longer mean anything to us, except that we're still produced in equal numbers in line with the philosophy which stops us tampering with the human shape. Biologically we could still function as those primitive folk did, but it's distasteful to us. There's no stimulus, no need and, therefore, no sex."

"You don't stimulate me, I don't stimulate you, and because we have synthetic reproduction anyway, we can't have sex," Bartcha recapped.

"Not 'can't' but 'don't,'" Kundella corrected.

Bartcha put his head in his hands as he tried to take in these facts. If only Kundella had thought to put all this on the memory tapes. A thought suddenly slipped into his mind.

"You've told me often enough that there's very little pictorial evidence left of primitive life," he said, "but you did show me some old pictures which showed women with highly developed breasts."

"Correct."

"Well then, it would seem that this was the one obvious difference between men and women in those times. So perhaps it could also be the cause of initial stimulation which might lead a man eventually to sex."

"I don't quite see where all this is leading us," Kundella seemed puzzled.

"What I'm getting at is this. It would be quite easy—and not really against our philosophy—to produce women with breasts. If we did, would our interest in sex be revived? If you had large breasts, for instance, would you stimulate me?"

Kundella seemed unmoved at the monstrous suggestion. "Speculation is pointless," she replied. "You'd probably be repulsed. We don't know enough about the subject, and the World Council are hardly likely to agree to the alteration you suggest. All we do know is that sex took up an awful lot of

time and energy in the ancient world which is not really surprising if you work out how much of our time it has wasted—and we don't even have the inclination for it."

Bartcha's mind was so full of half-understood concepts of sex that he was afraid of mental indigestion if he continued with his questions. Kundella profited by the lull to change the subject once and for all.

"Early 20th-century political history is next on the agenda," she said hurriedly. "I'll give you some memory tapes..."

* * *

Bartcha reported to the Director of the Time Travel Group for his final examination and briefing some months later. He sat alone in the circular room waiting for the great man's image to appear on the screen in front of him. The soft hum of the dimo-cameras, concealed around the circumference of the cell, made him feel like some insignificant piece of matter under an electron microscope.

The screen flickered. There came the ageless, bearded face of the man responsible for all time projection work throughout the world—a man with direct access to members of the World Council. There was no time wasted on preliminaries.

"You are familiar with the plan?" said the image.

"I am to be projected back to the year 1901," answered Bartcha, speaking almost automatically. "More precisely, to May 2nd, 1901, and my destination is 13, Brick Street, Old London."

"Why that time, and why Old London?"

"This is one period of which we have sparse records of fashions and habits, and no wars or other hazards appear to have been affecting London at that time. London, moreover, survived most of the hazards of the Nuclear Wars, largely because it had ceased to be a capital city by the end of the 20th century. Areas of it are still preserved intact, including number 13 Brick Street. Our technologists have been able to compute my exact time and place of materialization inside this building, which was a private dwelling in the year 1901." Bartcha felt pleased with himself. He only hoped that his answers would be as easy to produce in whatever trying circumstances might be awaiting him in the past.

The examination lasted all morning. Patiently Bartcha went over the entire plan. The time projector would only be worked from the present and he would have no control once he arrived in the past. Around his waist he would be wearing a belt with a crystal aerial and this would be his one link with his own era. He was to materialize in the attic of the old house at five o'clock in the morning, a time when it was reckoned that most of the population of London would be asleep. Bartcha was then to creep down the central stairway which bisected the house and let himself out.

This part of the operation was a calculated risk—he might be spotted in the house—but it was the best of several choices. The world's first time projector had limitations and a precise point in space and time was needed for materialization, otherwise there was a risk of entering the 20th century several hundred feet in the air.

Once arrived in the year 1901, Bartcha would stay there for just 12 hours. On this first sortie he was to spend his time in observation and then to approach the vicinity of the house. Precision was not needed at this stage as the signals sent out by the time projector would be picked up by his belt aerial within a radius of a few hundred yards. Once the belt was reactivated by the time projector, Bartcha would be whisked back to his own time.

The director appeared satisfied with Bartcha's answers and his final briefing was commendably short.

"You are being sent into the past for observation only," intoned the director. "There will be no personal involvement. We live in an impersonal age and the era you are to visit was extremely personal in its character. Retain your impersonal nature. Observe only and do not engage in conversation unless it is unavoidable. There will be no meddling in the affairs of the 20th century."

And that was all. A matter of a few hours later Bartcha found himself, ill at ease in his itchy period costume, in his place in the projection capsule. He felt the power build-up beginning on the projector. It was far more rapid than he had expected: at one second he was sitting in the capsule and the next he felt as if he were sweeping down a large wave in the ocean. A powerful pulsation swelled in his body and he was encompassed in a deep blue nothingness. Then came the strange pain in his head. . . .

**“Kundella had been right.
The breasts of these primitives
were offensive to a
being from his time. Yet he
had to admit
a distant fascination.”**

Misty patches of purple, white and pale yellow swung slowly round each other and Bartcha's eyes ached as he tried in vain to resolve the kaleidoscope. His thoughts stumbled blurrily on a sequence of a film he had once seen, a speeded-up account of inter-galactic gases resolving themselves into a central star and the cloudy, circling shapes of future planets. He narrowed his eyes and the view seemed to tighten up and move away from him at the same time. There was now a reasonably sharp picture. A tall, pot-bellied container with a motif of purple and yellow leaves seemed to be supported on a white bar. Beside it was a shallower container carrying the same design.

"Now don't go and drop off to sleep again, dear. It's time you woke up and introduced yourself."

The soft voice was close and startling. Bartcha turned his head and painfully focussed his eyes again. Not more than two feet away was a face. It was a soft, symmetrical face but the skin was white—a startling white with a gentle tinting of red around the cheeks.

A white face? This should mean something to him. Then came the memory of Kundella's voice during one of his instruction periods. "Be prepared for the white skins. The effect could be disconcerting to people of our time who are only used to a universal copper colour." For the first time Bartcha realized that he was looking at a primitive. In his excitement he sat up.

The primitive had the longest hair he had ever seen. The ends fell carelessly over bare white shoulders which swept down into the compressed rotundities of what he recognized as half-concealed breasts.

"So, it's a woman," he thought to himself, shuddering.

Kundella had been quite right: the bladder-like breasts of these ancient women were offensive to a being who came from a world where women's chests were as flat as those of men. The primitive looked unclean and even smelt—yet despite his revulsion Bartcha had to admit to a distant fascination, an urge to communicate somehow with this being. He put the feeling down to her eyes, which were regarding him with a friendly, quizzical smile. Somewhere, he felt, there was a message in those eyes but it was hopeless for him to try and understand it. He came from an impersonal world but knew, somehow, that the message in those eyes was of a distinctly personal nature.

The woman bent towards him, placed one hand on his shoulder and gently pushed him back on the pillows. The physical contact made a strange tingling run through his veins.

"Now, now. Don't go jumping about yet," she said. "You've a lovely lump on your head and a touch of concussion too, I shouldn't wonder. Take things easy for a bit longer—but you might try to explain how you managed to come bursting in on a lady like this."

Explanations would certainly be in order, Bartcha mused to himself, but he doubted whether this primitive woman could accept the full story. Anyway, how in the universe did he manage to get into her bedroom? There must have been a minor miscalculation with the time projector, or else a slight movement of the house over the centuries. He must have materialized just below the attic floor instead of on it. He wondered if the woman had been in the room at the time. Probably not, because she seemed only puzzled and not in any way alarmed.

"There will be no personal involvement . . . do not engage in conversation unless it is unavoidable."

The memory of the director's briefing brought a smile to his lips. He seemed to have become involved almost before starting. He was certain that the present situation would require more than a little conversation if he was to extricate himself without creating a fuss.

"What's your name, dear?" The question seemed to catch him unawares.

"Bartcha," he answered automatically, almost immediately biting his lip as he realized that he had been given a name to use in the past which would not sound so strange.

"Bartcha?" The creature who sat at the foot of the bed seemed puzzled and impressed at the same time. "That's a funny one, but I knew you must be foreign because of your skin—but you're not a black, are you?"

"Black? Oh—er—no. Not a black." Bartcha played for safety as this seemed the answer she wanted. He ought to know the meaning of the word "black" in that context and was sure that it had been covered by Kundella. Obviously his memory conditioning was not working as it should.

"No, I thought you weren't." The woman seemed relieved. "You don't look like one really. Where do you come from—I bet the sun shines all the time."

"Yes, it's very sunny." Bartcha felt he couldn't stand much more of this gentle inquisition. He tried to delve back into his muddled memory. He was sure that there was something in his instruction which could help him out of the peculiar situation in which he found himself. "The Gentleman's Book of Etiquette"—the title suddenly sprang to mind. This had been one of the isolated historic documents Kundella had been able to show to him. It wasn't much help but at least he should be able to converse with the woman in a manner which would not arouse her suspicions.

"May I be so bold, madam, as to inquire your name?" he asked carefully. The effect of the question was unexpected, as the woman threw back her head and laughed.

"Madam? My, you're a smooth one, you are! But a gentleman, I can see that by your clothes. I was christened Emily Pratt but—" and she leant forward in a conspiratorial manner and whispered, "my best friends call me 'Fluffy'." She giggled. "I can't think why," she added.

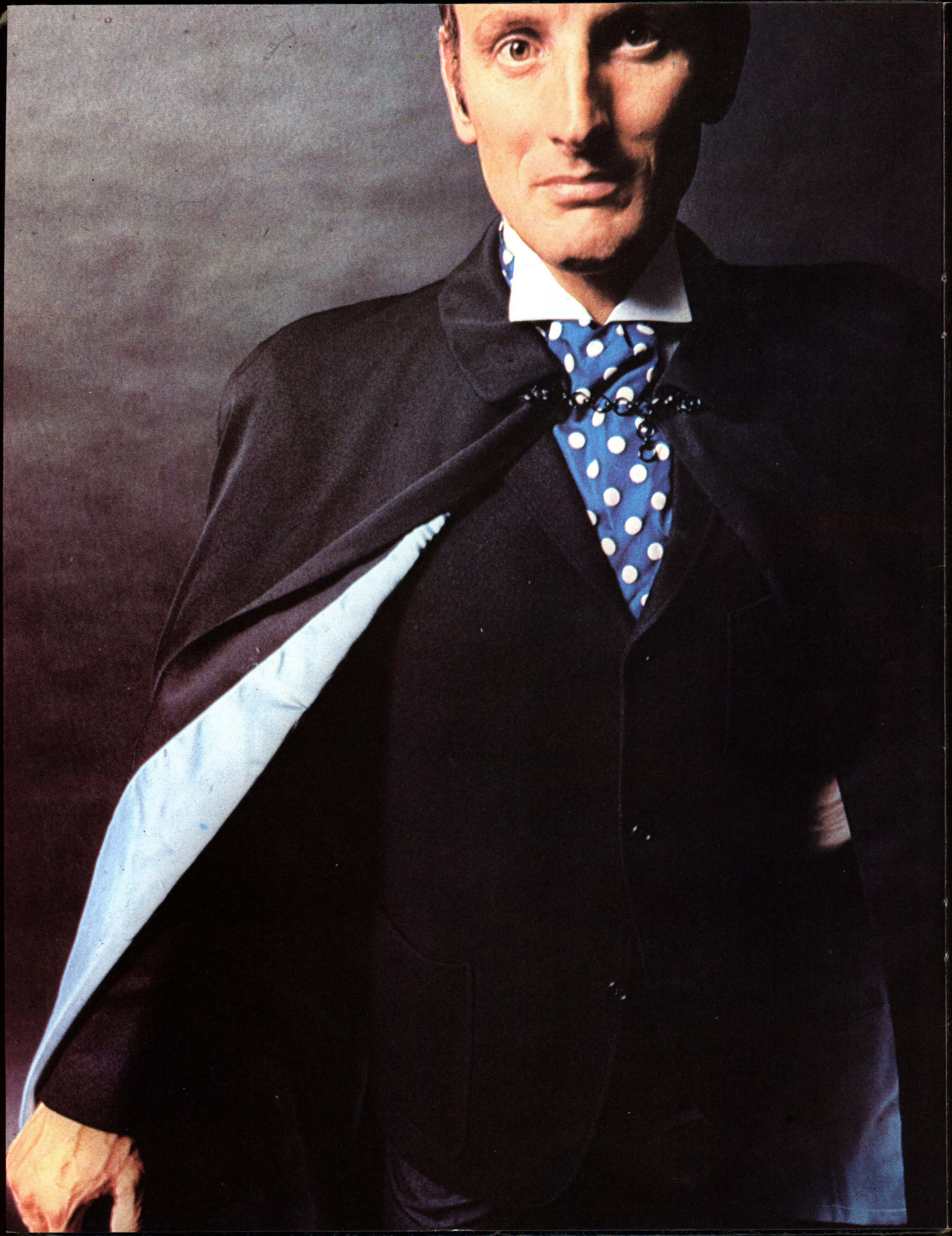
"Fluffy." He pronounced the name with difficulty. Logical thought now seemed to be coming a little more easily. There was no denying the strange attraction of this primitive being, but he couldn't linger with her any longer. The sunlight streaming down through the windows at a steep angle indicated that he had already spent a goodly portion of his allotted time in oblivion. He had to make an effort to escape.

"Look Fluffy,—the name came more easily the second time—"you've been very good looking after me like this and I really am most grateful—and sorry for the trouble I've caused. But I've . . . er . . . well . . . I've come a long way. This 'accident' has delayed me and it's most important that I go now."

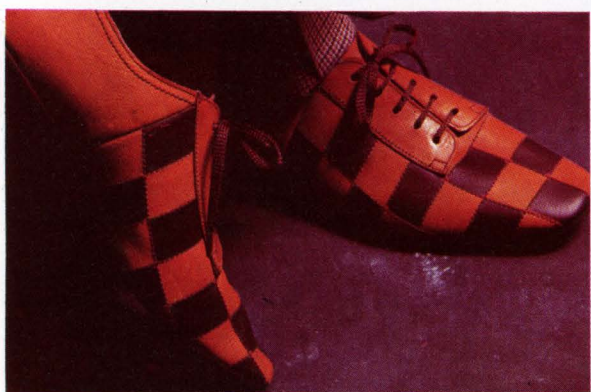
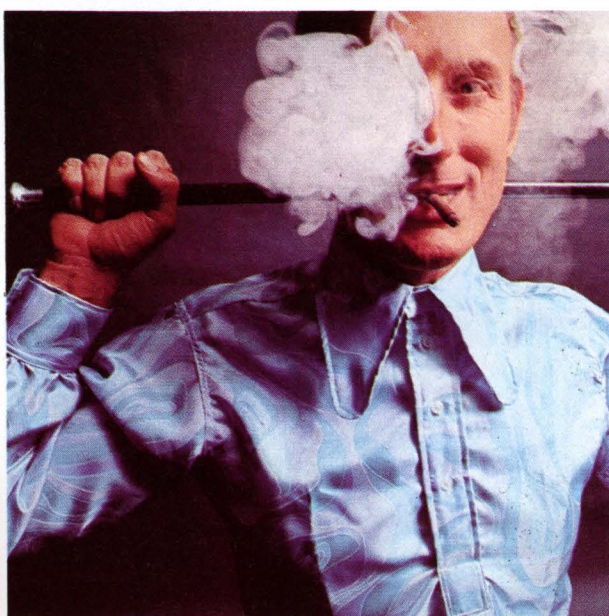
He fumbled round his waist where he carried a purse full of counterfeit bank notes and coin which experts had assured him would pass muster. "Perhaps I could repay you for all the trouble I must have caused. I really am most—"

Bartcha got no further. Fluffy suddenly leant forward and placed her hand on his as he reached for the purse.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 62



Once the chicks started pelting down to the Portobello Road to pick up Victorian night-dresses at ten bob a throw, and Victorian jewellery for not much more, the men were sure to follow. And they did. First they made a mild killing in Victorian frock coats, and now the men's shops are responding by taking seriously to Victorian ideas in menswear design. Probably it could not have happened without the softening-up campaign waged on television by Adam Adamant—a Victorian hero mysteriously preserved through the intervening ages and able to find his way around the James Bond era with unfailing panache. Every Thursday evening he hotfoots it around in cloaks, cravats, and ruffled shirts, impeccably elegant, invariably unruffled (shirts apart, that is). And hotfooting it into the shops meanwhile are the cloaks, cravats and ruffled shirts. Other clothes in the Adamant idiom are short-cropped waistcoats (made, perversely, in PVC), smoking jackets, wing-collared dress shirts, and king-size cufflinks. Victorian is up-to-date if you stick to these touches, which give you the elegance without the stuffiness.



Cloak (**opposite**) by
Burtons, 19 gns.

Cravat from Biba
8s.6d. Silver-topped
cane from Michael's
Man Boutique,

£1.10s. Wing-collar
dress shirt by John
Michael, 13 gns.

Checked shoes

(**above**) by Topper

£4.9s.11d. Wildly

patterned silk shirt

(**top right**) from

Granny Takes A Trip,

5 gns. Detailed

pocket (**right**) on

tweedy trousers by

John Stephen,

£5.15s. Cropped

short waistcoat

(**far right**) cut in

P.V.C. by John

Stephen, £4.19s.6d.

Extra-wide tie from

Michael's Man

Boutique, £1.5s.

Oblong cufflinks

from Michael's Man

Boutique, £1.5s.



Assignment: Elegance

AN INVESTIGATION INTO AN ALLEGED VICTORIAN REVIVAL WITH ADAM ADAMANT



Sporting jacket (**opposite**) Norfolk pocketed by John Stephen, 14 gns.
 Patterned cane from Michael's Man Boutique £2. Ruffly-cuffed dress shirt (**right**) by John Michael 11 gns. Ritzzy cufflinks from Simpson's £6.15s. Cravat by Biba 8s.6d. Wild, wide tie (**below**) from Michael's Man Boutique, £1.12s.6d. Cropped-short, P.V.C. waistcoat by John Stephen, £4.19s.6d. Ultra-smooth smoking jacket (**below right**) from Simpson's, £24. Wing-collar shirt by John Michael, 13 gns. Cravat from Biba, 8s.6d. Extremist shoes (**bottom**) by Topper, 6 gns. Black silk trousers by John Michael, 13 gns. Wing-collar dress shirt by John Michael, 13 gns. Waspily striped cravat from Biba, 8s.6d. Silver-topped cane from Michael's Man Boutique, £1.10s.



FOOD OF THE GODS

(PLUS SOME NOT-SO-CELESTIAL MUSIC)

I HAVE NEVER BEEN CLEAR ABOUT WHAT exactly did happen in ancient times when "Greek met Greek"—now of course it's quite simple. They open a kebab house! This suits me fine as it happens to be my favourite kind of restaurant. If I had to eat one identical meal every day for the rest of my life, this, I think, is what I would plump for: *houmous*, with *pittas* (the flat round bread of the east, hot and crisp), charcoal-grilled kebabs of young lamb with raw onions and a squeeze of fresh lemon, a salad of cucumber and tomatoes sprinkled with mint, and a glass of creamy home-made yoghurt with honey. On this classically simple diet I should undoubtedly live to be 100 and I should rarely tire of it.

Luckily there are now several places in London that serve this sort of food, most of them to be found in and around Charlotte Street. One of the nicest is undoubtedly George Demetriou's **Kebab & Houmous House** at no. 95. I can remember when it was just a simple, undecorated room with a charcoal grill at the back and a gramophone playing Greek records. In those days it was frequented by black-shawled relatives and a few gourmets in the know. Now, with increasing popularity, it has blossomed out into straw-covered walls, cages of birds, and lamps in baskets. The food, thank Zeus, is as tasty as ever, and far be it from me to wax sentimental over the simplicities of the past at the expense of George's infinitely increased turnover.

The *houmous* here is the best in London, bar none. In case you have never tried it, it is a delicious paste of chick peas pounded with oil, lemon, garlic and sesame, garnished with chopped parsley and red pepper, and scooped up on pieces of pitta—four shillings

for a large plateful. If you want to be really greedy you can have a plate of *taramasalata* as well and relish alternate mouthfuls. *Taramasalata* is creamy-pink cod's roe whipped up with olive oil and lemon.

Afterwards have four skewers of lamb kebab at 8s. 6d. It's infinitely superior to the pork, in my opinion—juicy and tender, and the charcoal imparts an unforgettable smoky flavour. Eat it with raw onion and a squeeze of lemon, accompanied by a mixed salad or a cooling bowl of yoghurt with finely chopped cucumber and drink the dry white wine called *Arsinoe*—17s. 6d. a bottle.

Finish with a sticky Greek pastry concocted of nuts and honey, and a strong black Turkish coffee—a meal for the Gods!

George's is open every day, but it's tiny—so do book (museum 3144).

Those who prefer something more sophisticated should visit the **Trojan Horse**, newly opened at 3 Milner Street, just off Cadogan Square. More of a bistro atmosphere here—red walls, blue tablecloths, candlelight—and an epicurean blend of Greek and French cuisines.

There's a marvellous *hors d'oeuvres* trolley, which includes *taramasalata*, mussels vinaigrette, tuna-fish mousse, a rich *pâté* of chicken and duck's livers flavoured with wine, brandy and herbs; and best of all the chicken and ham mousse, topped with a thin glaze of tomato aspic. For as little as 8s. 6d. you can sample the lot.

Sooner or later one has to tackle the subject of *moussaka*, which is just about the only Greek dish most English people know about! You may remember, with shudders, the infamous *moussakas* served in dodgy post-war Cypriot catts—greasy slabs of

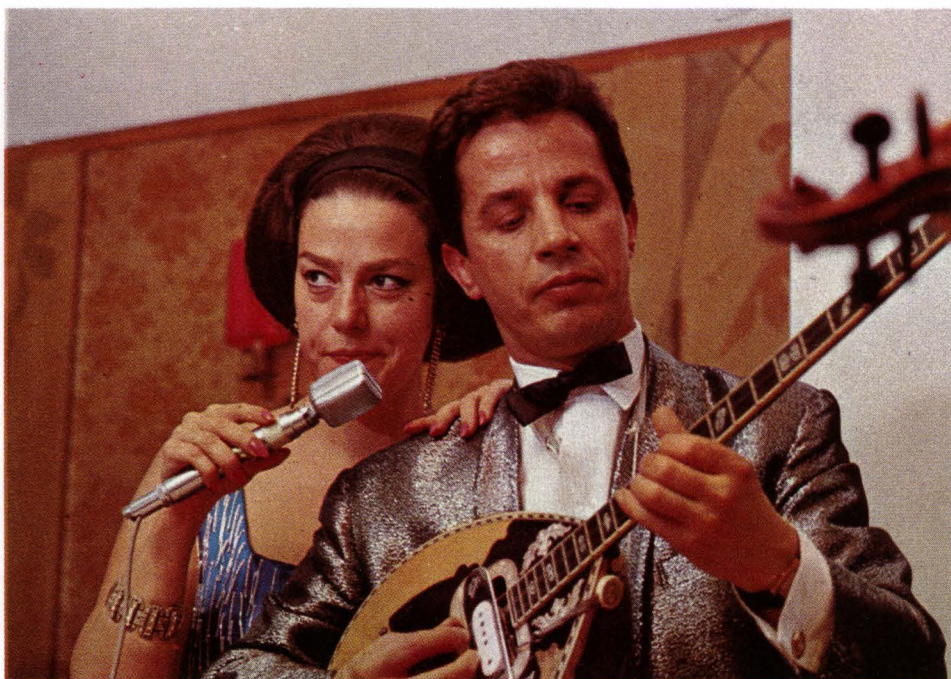
minced-up unmentionables, sandwiched between layers of potato and topped with a thick white glue! Well, forget about it, and try the one they serve here. It's subtly flavoured, non-greasy, and made as it should be from freshly-ground young lamb, aubergines, a *bécharfel* sauce enriched with eggs, and a sprinkling of mature Greek cheese (10s. 6d.).

Ask Mr Nicolaides to tell you what other Greek dishes are on, as there may be something special. Drink *Hymettus*, a very pleasant white wine, reasonably priced at 16s. 6d., or experiment with a glass of the sweet dessert wine called *Commanderia*, made from vines planted in Limassol by the Crusaders. The Cypriots, whose stomachs are presumably stronger than ours, drink it for breakfast.

Finally we come to the *bazoukia*, which isn't something to eat, except in Shakespeare's sense of "the food of love." It came originally from Asia Minor, and is now virtually the Greek national instrument. Its music is hauntingly oriental, tremendously rhythmic and stirring, far removed in mood from the Doric flute. The songs that accompany it are often sad, as the Greeks have a passion for themes like death, exile and the pangs of unrequited love, but the general effect is exhilarating. What comes through is a triumphant affirmation of the joy of living, sung with the diamond-hard arrogance of a native culture that doesn't need to ape foreign accents for its effectiveness.

Bazoukia singers tend to be large (those worth their salt are never less than 38-28-40) and a skin-tight dress, preferably covered with sequins, is *de rigueur*. In between belting out verses they writhe sinuously

The bazoukia is basic if you want the food of love along with the food of the gods. At the Elysee the strumming is done by Mimis and the songs, sad but rhythmic, by Kyka Poly. Customers are expected to clap to the beat.
Below: A celebrated feat of equilibrium, the syrtaki, executed by George



around their usually rather small accompanist, conducting a tremendous flirtation with the mike. Nonchalantly entangled in the flex, they handle the mouthpiece with the abandon of a Dionysian priestess clasping her ceremonial phallus.

To hear some first-class playing, go to the **New Vaudeville Club** at 146 Charing Cross Road and ask for manager Peter Savva. He has been running it 20 years. No 'mod' decor here and no elaborate food, but you can eat a *meze* (Greek hors d'oeuvres) or kebab, and drink retsina and ouzo. About £2 5s. a head.

Bazoukia-player Vasilakis, in impeccable lounge suit, with short back and sides, can invoke rhythmic frenzies that make the Rolling Stones sound like a musical tea-party at the vicarage. Customers egg him on with hand-clapping and hoarse cries of encouragement. With the arrival of sexy singer Elvira, in clinging white, with sequins, the temperature takes another leap. She springs on to one of the tables, scattering ouzo glasses, and gyrates seductively, hands above her head, amid a prancing and finger-clicking circle of admirers.

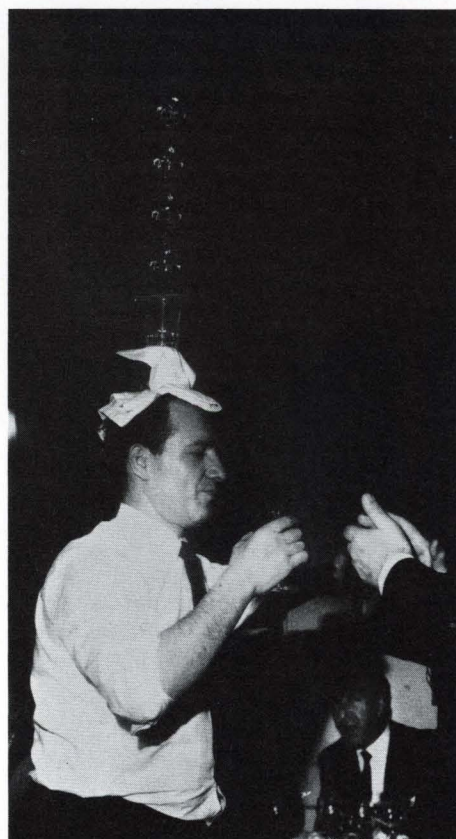
When we arrived a subdued-looking trio had been playing "Tea for Two". With the advent of Elvira they turned with happy grins to the more native rhythms of "Stose to Stroma sou yia Dio," which might be loosely translated as "Make the bed for two tonight, Penelope." You can dance, but not too strenuously, as too much *zembeikiko* tends to set off the burglar alarms in Cecil Gee below.

The New Vaudeville is closed Mondays, open other days till 1 a.m.

Another splendidly atmospheric place is the Elysee at 13 Percy Street, off Tottenham

Court Road, run by three brothers, George, Michael and Ulysses Karageorgis. *Aficionados* may remember them from the good old days at the Cyprus Club.

The bazoukia player here is Mimis, a thin, intense musician who improvises effortlessly to the accompaniment of drum and tambourine, face dead-pan, legs slightly apart. He likes to play *cantales*, endless songs on a



connected theme that constantly change in mood and rhythm. He is brilliantly matched by singer Kyka Poly.

About 10.30—I can't be more precise, because George performs "when he feels like it"—you will see a traditional dance called a *syrtaki*. Then, a couple of hours and several bottles of ouzo later, comes the *pièce de résistance*: George's dance with the glasses. On a good night there will be no fewer than six full wine glasses swaying on his head in an incredible pyramid. He circles the floor with catlike grace, kneeling and rising. Then he mounts a table and gyrates leg upraised, with the dignity of some antique temple priest—a smile of sly and beatific satisfaction illuminating his face.

At weekends the atmosphere is particularly relaxed and Hellenic. Tables are filled with dark young men in white shirts, top buttons undone against the heat, ties loosened, suntanned faces glistening. It's all wine and enthusiasm. As the music mounts in excitement they fall into that typically Zorbaesque frame of mind summed up in the well-known Greek drinking cry "Now, we go burn down the village!". Later, clients dance and sing, waiters sing and, when band packs up, the staff starts to dance to their own gramophone. The kitchen porter launches into a delicately executed solo, his face happy and absorbed. Waiters drop their trays to join him. George says: "Tomorrow I sack you." They smile sweetly. "You sack us? We don't care—you care!" and they carry on dancing. It's that sort of place.

A Greek menu here consisting of *meze*, *moussaka*, fresh fruit and a bottle of retsina would cost about £2 5s. Booking at weekends essential (MUSEUM 4804).



THIS CONCERNS YOU



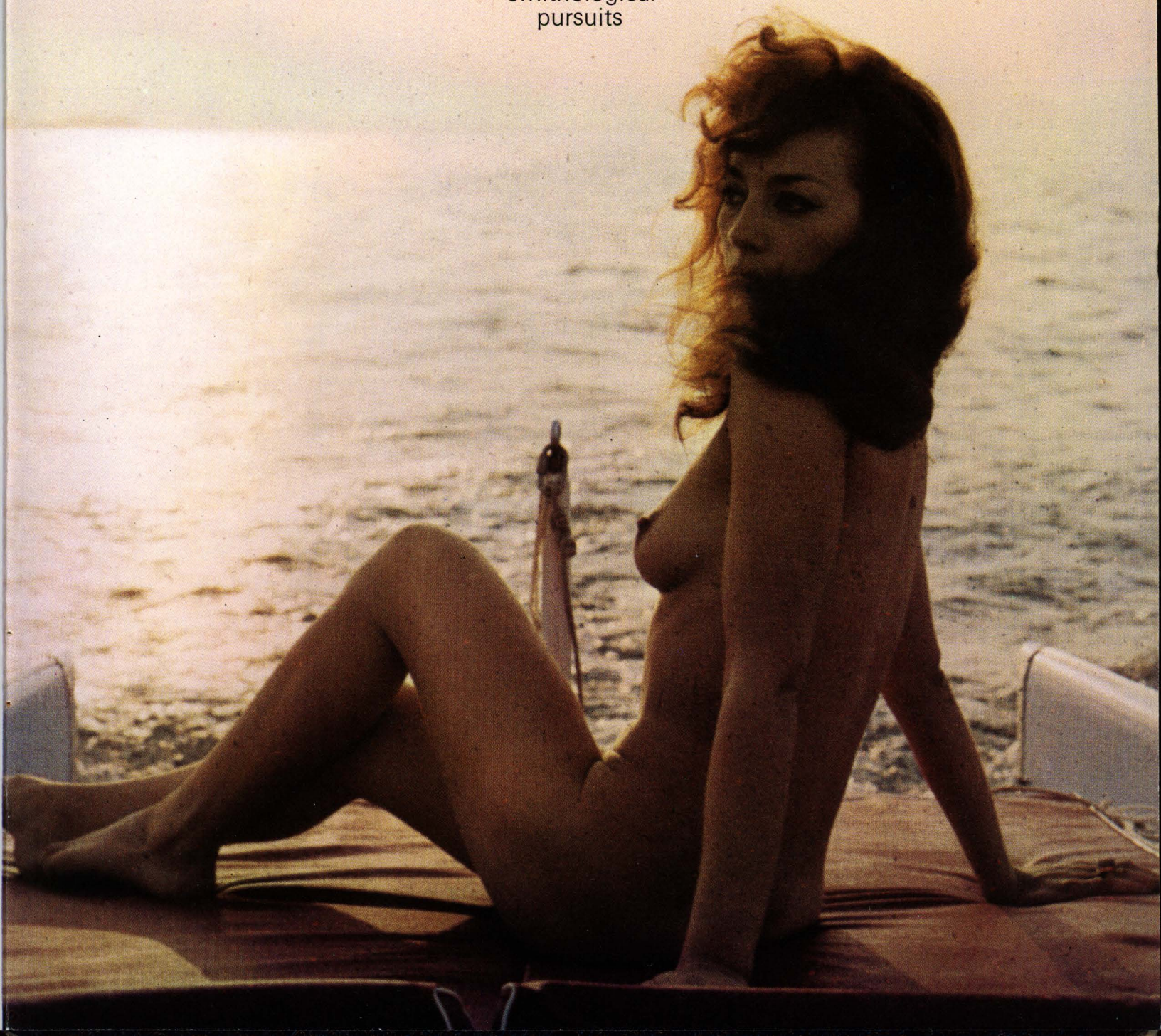
This vital segment of dorsal delight represents two things; [1] an indication that our first 12-issue year [volume 1] has come to a manifestly cheeky end and we're preparing a particularly opulent ANNIVERSARY ISSUE to celebrate the occasion and [2] the only anatomic clue we're giving away to the mystery PET OF THE YEAR—a superb posterior script to the goodies that went before.

NEXT MONTH SPECIAL ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

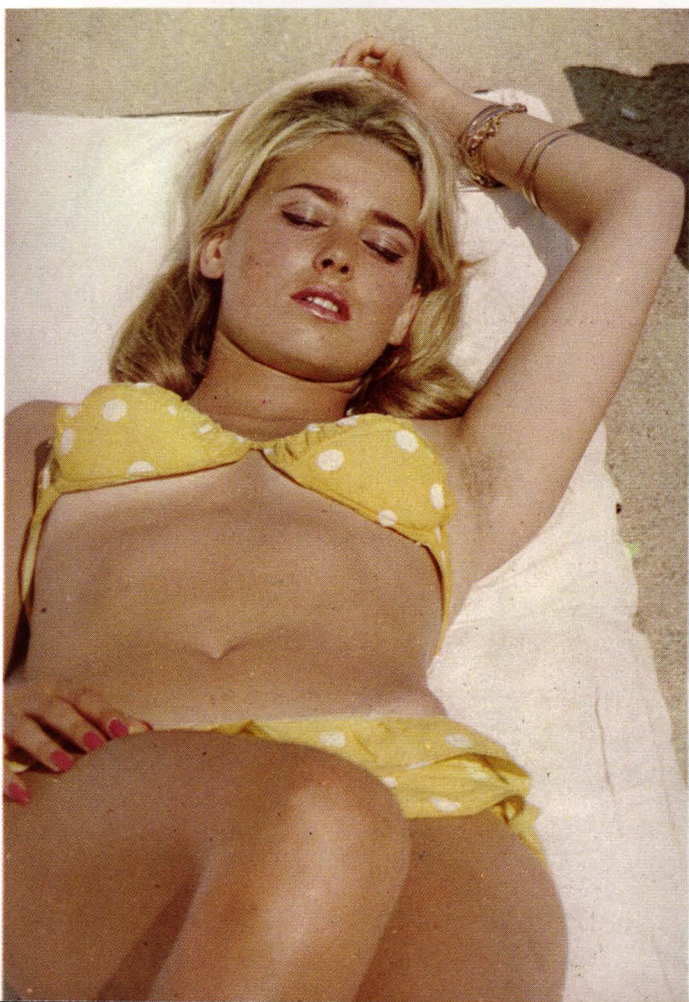
- **PETS REVISITED:** a spectacular 12-page, colour-packed pictorial roundup of all 12 PETS to date, for an olympian revisit to the nudest who's who in Britain's nubility today.
- **THE ART OF SEDUCTION:** a remarkably direct piece of do-it-yourself woman-oeuvres by the world-famous author of "Sex and the Single Man"—**Dr Albert Ellis**
- **THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS:** a satiric reassessment of our fatigable moral fibre and its seven weakest and wickedest links—**Jonathan Clements**
- **THE LIVING END:** a candid conversation with the world's foremost interior decorator, Henry End, on the art of luxurious living, with further informative notes on how to make your own bachelor pad irresistible to women—**Penthouse Interview**
- **MIRROR OF VENUS:** an 8-page portfolio of the nudes of one of America's most distinguished photographers, **Wingate Paine**, with comments by **Francoise Sagan** and **Federico Fellini**
- **THE MAKING OF AN L.P.:** PENTHOUSE goes on record with some great new sounds and a pictorial story of the making of the first **Penthouse L.P.**
- **NYMPHOMANIA:** a frank and authoritative exploration of the complex psycho-sexual phenomenon about which much is said and surprisingly little is generally known—**Alan Hull Walton**
- **SKIN DEEP:** How an impressionable young man reacts to his first encounter with nudism, an island paradise and a girl called Gretchen—**William Fifield**
- **MISTER PENTHOUSE:** an intimate account of the remarkable personal success story of editor/publisher Bob Guccione
- **PET OF THE YEAR:** presented at positively indigestible length, the plenipotent PET who received 1,000 fan letters and a dozen film offers following her appearance in **Penthouse**
- **PLUS:** more articles, more fiction, more features and more pages than ever before—a collector's treasury of delights in our biggest issue ever!

the nudest beach set

or
a gentlemen's
guide to
bird-watching
and other
ornithological
pursuits







As one stands hip-deep in a welter of holiday brochures, wondering just where to wander in these last, precious moments of summer, it might be wiser still to put aside the problems of location and ponder on the most popular beach sport of them all—Bird-Watching.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead he cannot summon to his mind's eye an acre or so of shimmering sand, water and bosoms—an acre of undulating womanhood preening, stretching, lolling in some distant Mediterranean sun.

Bird watching or the pursuit of higher ornithological pleasures makes that otherwise arduous pilgrimage to the seaside worthwhile. The enjoyment, of course, is *[continued overleaf]*

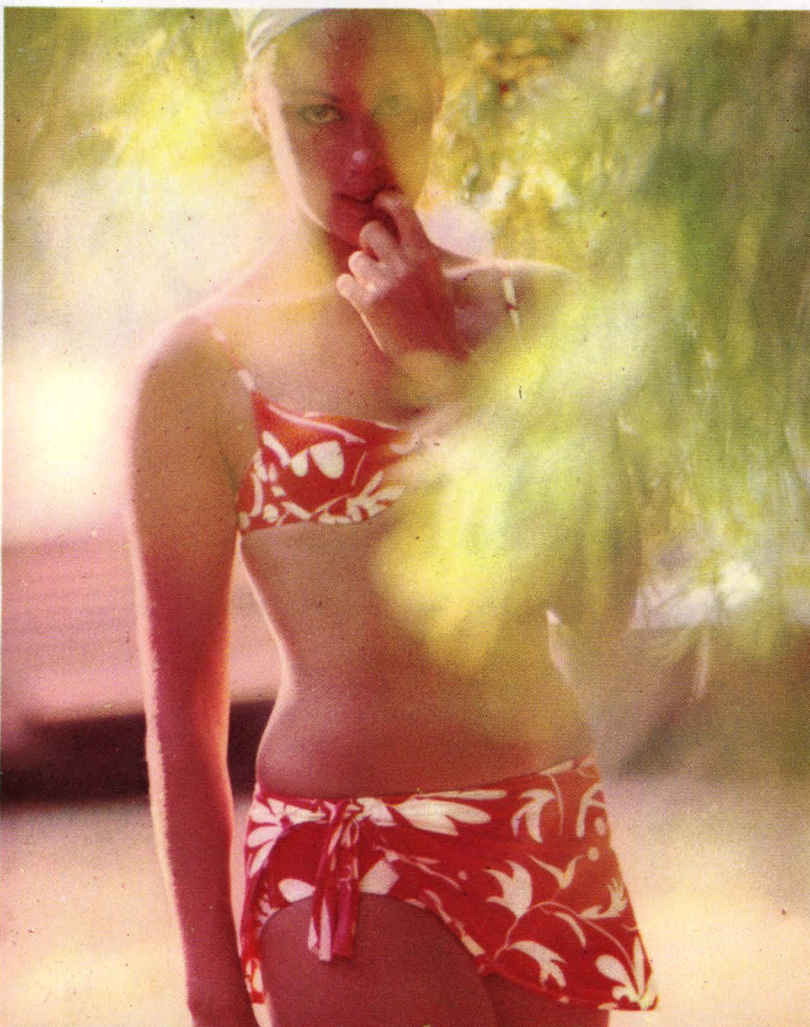


doubled when the true dilettante takes the trouble to prepare for the trials and provocations that lie ahead. It is with this toothsome adventure in mind that we have prepared a brief but competent guide to the art . . .

Equipment, though vital, should be kept to a minimum, as both speed and mobility are precious. The essential items in your sand-happy survival kit should include: (a) a powerful pair of binoculars, (b) a tape measure, for lucky days, (c) a lasso, lest your lissome lass plays hard to get, (d) 14 different brands of sun-tan oil, to cater for all tastes, (e) a foreign phrasebook, including the necessary opener "Do you sun here often?" in at least 12 different languages, (f) a crate of assorted spirits—this is often thirsty work when you can get it, *[continued overleaf]*







(g) a pair of well-spiked running shoes to add a new dimension to your mobility and, lastly, (h) a camera for eliminating further taxing of the mind's eye.

Having organized our programme the question of location becomes increasingly less problematic. Look for any beach on the Cote d'Azur with an average temperature as high as 80 and a police force as low as 6.

The PENTHOUSE technique—for beginner and professional alike—is as easy as knocking back a grog. All you have to do is squat on the sand in a sheltered spot, focus your binoculars on a fulsome bird, lasso her to your side as gently as can be, ask, "Do you sun here often?" in the appropriate language, anoint her with the lotion of her choice, fill her with warm spirits, and run around her once with a tape-measure in your spiked running shoes. When, and if, all else fails don't be afraid to make use—however ruthless—of your camera.

For further study of bird-watching, a glance at the illustrated section of this guide is strongly recommended. Here you will see all the various species available, wearing their entrancing native plumage—or even less. Anyone for ornithology? 



the tiger and the pussycat

A FABLE OF
OUR TIME
BY JONATHAN CLEMENTS

EVERY JUNGLE MORNING A DESIRABLE AND titled lioness would leap from her castle bed and address her mirror thus:

"Mirror, mirror, on the wall—when will I have an erotic ball?"

To which the mirror, always a stickler for the truth, would reply:

"Lady Guinevere, I've told you before; you're as frigid as ice, perhaps a bit more."

And oh, the fairest lady lioness in the land sent up a loveless howl that filled the castle with gloom and despair. Rumours of this frigidity in high places soon spilt into the streets, and Lady Guinevere's abysmal plight was musically echoed up and down the land by the minstrels of the day.

Things in milady's boudoir got so bad that, on her command, a reward of a thousand gold pieces was offered to the first beast to arouse her glacial passions from their untimely slumbers.

"Ho-hum, a grand in gold?" bethought Jaspar Boone, a rambling tiger with a rambling mind, when, out on his morning promenade, he espied news of the reward pinned to a mighty oak. "Just for laying a lioness and making her purr? Sounds like taking candy from a kitten."

Whereupon the sensual striped beast, splashing himself liberally with aftershave lotion, loped along the road to the castle.

"Who you?" asked the knave behind the drawbridge when Jaspar knocked with his powerful paw.

"Jaspar Boone—consultant lecher and rouser of frigid lionesses," roared the rambling tiger. "Take me to your lady's boudoir this instant!"

And lo, Jaspar was led down dark passageways, through cobbled courtyards, along a shady balcony and into the wary arms of Lady Guinevere herself.

"Are you a knight-errant bold?" the lioness whispered as Jaspar began to tie

her tail in a lover's knot.

"No, ma'am, I'm Jaspar of the glades, noted for my disgraceful amount of charm. Now just relax, and prepare yourself for a whole lotta lovin' . . ."

With tremorous paw and soothing madrigals strummed on a misty lute, Jaspar soon had the frigid lioness on the melt. Skilled in the arts of animal love, he caressed all that should be caressed; building up to a feverish crescendo of strategic lovebites and knavish interplay. But, just as Lady Guinevere let out an encouraging moan, and the tiger reared up for the kiss of life, Jaspar got one of the lioness's whiskers caught up his nose.

"A . . . tishoo!" went Jaspar, blowing them both out of bed and shattering the romantic mood to hell.

"Cast this clumsy churl into the dungeons!" cried Lady Guinevere.

"Forsooth," moaned Jaspar bounding over the parapets to freedom, "missed by a hair."

Beneath a moist night sky Jaspar went streaking; over the hills and into the lair of a wizard he knew.

"Mix me a potent aphrodisiac or two," commanded the tiger. "And make them double strength."

"Instant lust coming up," said the wizard, and set to work with his bubbling cauldrons.

Early the next morning Jaspar set forth for the castle again, this time disguised as a donkey and carrying a basket laden with aphrodisiacs. There was $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of powdered goat's tail (to promote affection); the ear of an unborn weasel (to induce excitement); a firkin of potent dandelion wine (to get stoned); several unripe herbal tomatoes (to instil the beginnings of lust) and miscellaneous edibles of free love.

"Who you?" said the drawbridge knave. "Zebediah Merrydown, the randy donkey

of Bodmin Moor," brayed the tiger, and was once more led to the double-bedside of the fair Lady Guinevere.

"Hey—are all those goodies for me?" said the lovelorn lioness.

"Of course, beloved," replied Jaspar, emptying the basket on to the bed. "Tuck in while you've still got the strength."

Lady Guinevere needed no second prompt. She fell on the love stimulants with the appetite of a glutton. Swiftly the powdered goat's tail vanished down her throat; likewise did the unborn weasel's ear go tumbling, and was helped on its way by a healthy guzzle of the dangerous dandelion wine. Then the lioness, in one savage gulp, devoured all the unripe herbal tomatoes, then with a flourish ate all that was left and drank the remainder of the dandelion wine.

"Well," said Jaspar, laying a damp paw on Lady Guinevere's feline thigh, "how do you feel?"

"I feel sick," moaned the lioness, turning bright green to prove it.

In desperation the tiger leapt on her, hoping to savage her when she wasn't looking, but alas, in the scuffle that ensued his false donkey skin fell off, revealing his telltale stripes.

"Odds bodkins—it's Jaspar Boone!" cried Lady Guinevere. "Off with his churlish head!"

In a moment the castle guards overpowered Jaspar and, dragging him down to the dungeons deep, deprived him of a place to hang his hat with one blow of the executioner's axe.

Jaspar's head was tastefully mounted and hung in the main hall of the castle, and its doleful stare has, through the centuries, warned many an errant beast of the perils in pushing your luck in the game of love.

MORAL—If at first you don't succeed, give up.



Past Bedtime

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45

"Don't be silly, dear." She was almost whispering and her eyes were once more flashing that incomprehensible message. "I'm not after your money—and if you think you're going to leave me now, you've another think coming. The duke's all very well, but—"

"The duke?" Bartcha butted in, completely lost again.

"Yes. The Duke of Marford. He's the man who provides all this." She indicated the fusty, over-ornamented room. "But there, perhaps you really don't know I'm the Duke of Marford's mistress, what with you just coming from abroad. Anyway, it doesn't matter. He's a nice enough old stick but a bit choleric and, well, he's getting past it, if you see what I mean."

Bartcha didn't see, but he kept quiet.

"Frankly, I'm getting tired of his jealousy," the girl rambled on. "A full-blooded woman like me needs a younger man, but with that old trout down there paid to guard the door day and night what chance has a poor lady got? How on earth you ever managed to get past her, I shall never know. But then I'm not asking questions, am I?"

The primitive seemed to have been talking mainly for her own benefit, but now she turned to Bartcha.

"You can see that it's not every day that a girl like me gets a handsome, well dressed foreign gentleman like you just dropping out of the blue, so I couldn't just let you go, could I?"

She pushed forward on the bed, one arm on each side of the speechless perspiring Bartcha, her breasts nudging him.

"I'm going to keep you prisoner," she breathed at him. Then her lips touched his.

Bartcha's whole body seemed to well up with a strange, unspecified yearning and a primitive urge commanded him to touch the girl. For a moment his arms went around her, then he forced them back. He, Bartcha, had been given a unique chance for historical research and he had a duty to those awaiting his return to the future.

"You're a shy one, you are," she whispered.

At some time while he had been unconscious she must have removed his jacket. Now she idly slipped her hand under his shirt and began to unbutton it. Her hand passed lightly across his chest and he indulged in the sudden instinct to pull her head down to him. The girl responded with a low, crooning noise. Then she uncovered his aerial belt which he wore next to his skin.

"Now that's really something. It's beautiful! Where did you come by such a wonderful charm," she asked.

Charm? Bartcha was glad that she had provided her own explanation. He was too confused to have thought of one.

"Take it off, Bartcha. Do let me see it properly."

He knew it was wrong but he had also become resigned to a situation in which logic and duty were no longer governing his actions.

"Just for a moment, mind you," he said as he held it out to her. "The charm will lose its power if it's left off too long."

"Let me try it on, just for a minute," she pleaded. "I've never seen anything so extraordinary." She stood up while he fastened it round her long gown. She spun round, admiring the belt in a mirror by the bed and, as she did so, Bartcha glimpsed the lower part of a white leg. He couldn't understand why the sight of this limb should affect him so powerfully. Then she knelt down and kissed him again, and again he hugged her to his body.

"This is it!" he said in sudden realization. "This must be sex!"

"Sex?" Fluffy giggled. "You're a one, you are. You'll be telling me next that you don't know anything about it."

Bartcha stifled the obvious reply which came to his lips. The blow on his head seemed to be affecting him again and he felt drowsy and happy. Somehow he seemed to sense that something wonderful and beautiful would happen to him.

He hardly heard the girl talking.

"The duke'll be coming round in about an hour, but he shouldn't stay long. You can hide in the attic till he's gone—and he'll be gone for a good while, for he's off to Paris tonight." But Bartcha was asleep.

His dream-like state was abruptly shattered, it seemed only seconds later.

"My God! It's the duke!" Fluffy's shout brought him brusquely to his senses. He saw the girl standing horror-struck by the bed, his aerial still around her waist. From beyond the door to the room came the sound of unsteady footsteps and the wheeze of laboured breathing. Before the enormity of the situation could dawn on Bartcha the door was flung open, and there stood a sagging, ageing, red-faced man. The intruder stood stock-still for a second—just long enough for Bartcha to reflect that timing, somewhere, had gone wrong. Then the duke, for obviously it must be he, let out an inarticulate bellow and bore down on the time-traveller, brandishing his stick.

The two men fell back on the bed, carrying Fluffy with them in a confusion of arms and legs. In the middle of the mêlée Bartcha was aware of a high-pitched humming noise. He knew what that meant. He must have been unconscious for far longer than he realized; that was the signal which would return him—or anything encircled by the belt—to the 35th century. He had, perhaps, ten seconds in which to act.

Fluffy was still wearing the belt. It was a moment for quick decision and fast action. He had no need to rely on his conditioning now—and, anyway, no one had foreseen this particular emergency. Yet he knew what he had to do. He made a lunge for the aerial just as the humming swelled . . .

* * *

Bartcha relaxed and savoured the sudden feeling of release and achievement. "That was close," he told himself. "Very close." He closed his eyes and seemed to float in a timeless eternity. Sudden physical effort was alien to his nature and he felt momentarily exhausted. Then he willed his thoughts back to the present.

The present? He turned to where Fluffy was still face down on the bed. Wonderingly she turned to look at him.

"Has he gone?" she asked. "Whatever did you do to him?"

Bartcha laughed. "Let's just thank the stars that the duke wore corsets," he said. "My word, what a waistline! I thought I'd never make it."

"You're talking in riddles, darling," she chided him, sitting up. But it wasn't in her nature to question.

"Is he really gone?" she asked again.

"Yes, really gone."

"And you don't feel sleepy any more?"

"I feel just fine," said Bartcha, stretching out his arms to her.

"Wait two minutes," she whispered and disappeared behind a screen near the foot of the bed. Bartcha lay back and revelled in the yearning which now permeated him.

When Fluffy stepped from behind the screen again she was naked. Her white body seemed to gleam as Bartcha ran his eyes down her. It seemed impossible that the white breasts which had seemed so repulsive a short while ago should now stir him.

Then he stopped and gasped.

What in the name of space and time had gone wrong? Those fools in the future. Those idiots!

For more than 800 years sex had not mattered. Men and women were produced in the laboratories in equal numbers for no other reason than some sentimental attachment to the past. The slight difference between the sexes meant nothing to a person from the 35th century. All Bartcha knew was that it took a man and a woman for sex to happen. Then he understood the full horror of his predicament.

How could he break the news to the pleading figure before him that (apart from his chest) his body, atrophied after centuries without function, differed in no external essential from hers? 

So far the great corporal punishment controversy has been conducted entirely by PENTHOUSE readers. Now the subject moves out of the Forum for a scholar's intervention. Our brief to Alan Hull Walton was: Research the use of the whip in all its aspects, and put the subject in historical perspective. This article demonstrates, among other things, that corporal punishment is a controversy with roots deep in history

A new look at love and pain



Public procession of the FLAGELLANTS, of Spain, Italy, France, &c..

by Alan Hull Walton

For many months letters have been pouring into PENTHOUSE about corporal punishment, following a few brief paragraphs on the subject in an excellent article by R. E. L. Masters. I think that, even numerically, they have surprised everyone at the magazine. Readers who have followed the correspondence will have noticed that the subject has two distinct facets. The first as a method of correction, without any intentional sexual motive entering into it either on the part of the whipper or the whipped. The second as a means of sexual stimulation (even culmination), an aphrodisiac for both parties.

For my own part I am (though reluctantly) in favour of caning at school and even in the home, where necessary. Nor should any leniency be allowed to recalcitrant or delinquent girls. They need just as much supervision as the so-called wilder sex. Moreover, I find myself in absolute agreement with those readers who are disgusted with "the clap-trap" concerning punishment which "passes as modern psychiatry today". I also agree with the reader who said that whipping didn't prevent boys and girls of her generation from "growing into healthy and unrepressed citizens, who did not need the stimulus of drugs to fulfil their rightful place in adult life"—of course drug-taking points to immaturity, and certainly helps no individual to take his rightful place in life.

Most of today's teenage delinquency and kinkiness is, I believe, due to the apathy and neglect of not over-intelligent, and extremely selfish parents, who are greedily making money for new cars, clothes, televisions, and countless luxuries. Now the school cannot successfully exercise discipline if not backed up by parents, and I think most of the cynical and moronic monstrosities of today (utterly lacking in manners) have been brought up by this selfish kind of parent. Fear and birching, /continued overleaf

as well as caning, are the only means, I'm afraid, of instilling some commonsense and human respect into such sub-normal creatures; who, while their parents are watching TV interminably, or perhaps enjoying the liberties conferred by the "pill", are doping themselves, beating oldish people up (as well as each other), slashing anyone they happen not to like, and wallowing in sex orgies akin to those of the Borgias—except that the splendour, *panache*, and *finesse* are missing.

As for the success of the administration of corporal punishment, not only in controlling, but in reducing the unbelievably high statistics for youthful crime (and vandalism) two cities have already discovered anew that it works! Gentler methods work only with the sensitive and more intelligent few—and I have little doubt that these are very few indeed.

There is only one alternative, I believe, to corporal punishment. Or, rather, only one thing which could help us eliminate it—religion, together with an extended and strict observance of Schweitzer's ethic of Reverence for Life in all its forms. But this is a subject for a book—not for an article.

'Flagellation and sex are not necessarily connected'

The other aspect of the subject, the erotic element in flagellation, is best approached with a quotation from Havelock Ellis's excellent study on *Love and Pain*:

"The whole problem of love and pain, in its complementary sadistic and masochistic aspects, is presented to us in connection with the pleasure sometimes experienced in whipping, or in being whipped, or in witnessing or thinking about scenes of whipping. The association of sexual emotion with bloodshed is so extreme a perversion, it so swiftly sinks to phases that are obviously cruel, repulsive, and monstrous in an extreme degree, that it is necessarily rare, and those who are afflicted by it are often more or less imbeciles. With whipping it is otherwise. Whipping has always been a recognised religious penance; it is still regarded as a beneficial and harmless method of chastisement [Ellis, of course, was writing before the utterances of the "clap-trapping and molly-coddling head-shrinkers"]; there is nothing necessarily cruel, repulsive, or monstrous in the idea or the reality of whipping, and it is perfectly easy and natural for an interest in the subject to arise in an innocent and even normal child, and thus to furnish a germ around which, temporarily at all events, sexual ideas may crystallize. For these reasons the connection between love and pain may be more clearly brought out in connection with whipping than with blood.

"There is, by no means, any necessary connection between flagellation and the sexual emotions. If there were, this form of penance would not have been so long approved, or at all events tolerated, by the Church. The discipline or scourge was classed with fasting as a method of mastering the flesh and of penance. For many centuries bishops and priests used themselves to apply the discipline to their penitents.

"As a matter of fact, it was not always approved or even tolerated. Pope Adrian IV, in the eighth century, forbade priests to beat their penitents, and at the time of the epidemic of flagellation in the 13th century, which was highly approved by many holy men, the abuses were yet so frequent that Clement VI issued a bill against these processions. All such papal prohibitions remained without effect. The association of religious flagellation with perverted sexual motives is shown by its condemnation in later ages by the Inquisition, which was accustomed to prosecute the priests who, in prescribing flagellation as a penance, exerted it personally, or caused it to be inflicted on the stripped penitent in his presence, or made a woman penitent discipline him; such offences were regarded as forms of 'solicitation'. There seems to be some reason to suppose that the religious

flagellation mania which was so prevalent in the later Middle Ages, when processions of penitents, male and female, eagerly flogged themselves and each other, may have had something to do with the discovery of erotic flagellation, which, at all events in Europe, seems scarcely to have been known before the 16th century."

Later, Ellis continues:

"Those who possess a special knowledge of such matters declare that sexual flagellation is the most frequent of all sexual perversions in England. This belief is, I know, shared by many people inside and outside England. However this may be, the tendency is certainly common. I doubt if it is any or at all less common in Germany, judging by the large number of books on the subject of flagellation which have been published in German. In a catalogue of 'interesting books' on this and allied subjects issued by a German publisher and bookseller, I find that, of 55 volumes, as many as 17 or 18, all in German, deal solely with the question of flagellation, while many of the other books appear to deal in part with the same subject." (*Studies in the Psychology of Sex*, Vol. I, Part 2, in the four-volume edition of 1936).

Mario Praz devotes the final chapter of his *Romantic Agony* to "Swinburne and 'Le Vice Anglais'" (i.e. flagellation), and elsewhere in the same volume he says: "It seems to be an assured fact that sexual flagellation has been practised in England with greater frequency than elsewhere—if, at least, we are to believe Pisanus Fraxi and Dr. Duehren, who have made special researches into the subject. Their conclusion appears also to be confirmed by the fact that literature on this subject comes mainly from Anglo-Saxon sources." This book is available in Collins' Fontana Library 1960 and 1962.

We have seen, then, that what constitutes pain in one set of circumstances can become transformed into pleasure in another. The peculiar combination of these sensations causes acts which in any other circumstances would be resented, and certainly not accepted as indications of love—except during the preliminaries to the sex act. Nevertheless a modicum of seeming antagonism may be considered as normal. "Slaps and blows are accepted as caresses; scratches and bites form part of the love-play frequently expected," writes Krafft-Ebing (*Psychopathia Sexualis*).

The vast amount of comparatively recent literature on the subject has been mentioned, but even the ancients referred to whipping in their writings, being well aware of the close association between it and sexual lust. Festus mentions men "who allowed themselves to be whipped for money." Petronius (in his *Satyricon*) goes into some detail concerning the virtues of being beaten with a bunch of nettles as a cure for impotence. Vatsyayan's *Kama Sutra* points out the effects of flogging on sexual desire. Primitive races, too, have been known to stimulate their sexual urges by submitting to whippings on the buttocks.

Ancient Greeks whipped boys to honour goddess

The Spartans went even farther than the early Christian Church, with the fervour, almost, of a Hitler! At the annual festivals held in honour of the Greek goddess Artemis, crowds of boys were whipped in front of her altars until their bodies streamed with blood.

Among early European writings on the subject, there is one serious and (for its day) scientific work that stands supreme. It was written by a Dutch physician named Meibomius, and the first English translation was published in London during 1718: *A Treatise on the Use of Flogging in Medicine and Venery*. . . . Written to the famous Christianus Cassius, Bishop of Lubeck, and Privy Councillor to the Duke of Holstein. The original work, in Latin, had been published earlier in Frankfurt under the same title: *Tractatum de Usu Flagrorum in Re Medica et Veneria*. Most editions contain "A Letter from Thos. Bartholin to Henry Meibomius on the

Medical Use of Rods". It is concerned chiefly with impotence in the male, and the stimulation of erection by whipping. Reprints in English have been frequent, but mostly limited, and for sale only from under the counter. Until comparatively recently it was also printed in English abroad as an enticement for English and American tourists—as have many other flagellant novels and general works on flagellation.

The English partiality for flagellation was especially evident during the 18th and 19th centuries (and is probably just as strong today, if the truth were known). An incredible number of frankly erotic books were written about it. These run into hundreds, and it is impossible to mention more than a handful here. One of the earliest is *Whipping Tom Brought to Light, and exposed to View*, London, Printed for Edward Brooks, 1681. The distinguished Christopher Marlowe (who certainly never devoted a work to the subject), was able, many years previously, to include a reference in his poems:

"When Francis comes to solace with his whore,
He sends for rods and strips himself stark naked;
For his lust sleeps, and will not rise before
By whipping of the wench it be awaked.
I envy him not, but wish I had the power,
To make his wench but one half hour."

The case of the flagellant novelist

Coming to the 19th century we have volumes with such ludicrous and rip-roaring titles as *Lady Bumtickle's Revels*, and *The Experimental Lecture of Colonel Spanker* (London, 1879). Then there are: *The Convent School, or Early Experiences of a Young Flagellant*, by Rosa Belinda Coote (London, 1876); *The History of the Rod*, written by a clergyman named Bertram, under the pseudonym of Cooper [this was a standby in Charing Cross Road until the last war, but should be classed with the serious works rather than the erotic]; *The Merry Order of Saint Bridget* by Margaret Anson (York, Printed for the Author's Friends, 1857. Reprinted London, 1868); *With Rod and Bum: or Sport in the West End of London*, by Ophelia Cox—A True Tale by a Young Governess. (London and New York, 1898); *The Romance of Chastisement* (London, 1870); nor must we overlook the celebrated whipping sequence in Cleland's *Fanny Hill*, published late in the preceding century. Among foreign novels devoted to such activities, Sacher-Masoch's *Venus in Furs*, remains high on the list, probably because it is well-written, and because its author was throughout his life a passive flagellant.

Finally, there is the important German work, *Lenchen im Zuchthause*, by W. Reinhardt. An English translation was published at Paris, by Charles Carrington, and the title-page, which gives sufficient information concerning the contents, reads as follows:

Nell in Bridewell: A Description of the System of Corporal Punishment (Flagellation), in the Female Prisons of South Germany up to the Year 1840, Being a Contribution to the History of Manners, by W. Reinhardt, Englished by W. C. Costello, Ph.D., and A. R. Allinson, M.A., Paris, Society of British Bibliophiles, . . . 1900. This edition was photolithoed, and republished in New York, by the Psyche Press, 1932. The original German edition had been published by F. Bielefeld, during 1840, at Karlsruhe, in Baden. Doubtless the Nazis found it a useful primer.

I have never attempted to make a survey of the famous who have been devoted, either actively or passively, to the whip; the list must certainly be extensive. Several of the Roman emperors demand a place, and in more recent times we find the Austrian novelist Sacher-Masoch predominant. Henry Thomas Buckle, author of *A History of Civilization in England*, seemingly had a collection of books devoted to flagellation. The poet Swinburne was almost compulsively addicted to the practice. Mario Praz, referring to a number of documents in



BEAUTIFUL GIRL PUBLICLY WHIPPED!

Scenes of whippings were fairly common in the illustrated papers of the late 19th century. This one, from the *Illustrated Police Budget* of 1899, appears to depict an incident in a frontier township. Another incident, with a long first-person account, involved whippings in Poland (1872) for vilifying the government.

the Swinburne archives which establish beyond any doubt the fascination exerted on this gentleman by corporal punishment, says: "As an example of *delectatio morosa*, it suffices to say that among these documents there is to be found an unprintable epic poem on the subject of flagellation, *The Flogging Block*, which the poet composed, not to indulge the whim of a moment, but obviously with studied care, at intervals between 1861 and 1881; and that in mature years he resorted to the practice of 'ordering' drawings of scenes of flagellation he previously described in detail." Finally, Jean-Jacques Rousseau, author of the well-known *Confessions*, was of masochistic tendency, and now and again caught up in such matters.

How precisely is whipping linked with sexual excitement. In his *History of English Sexual Morals* John Davenport says: "As an erotic stimulant, more particularly, it may be observed that, considering the many intimate and sympathetic relations existing between the nervous branches of the extremity of the spinal marrow, it is impossible to doubt that flagellation exercised upon the buttocks and the adjacent parts has a powerful effect upon the organs of generation." Bloch says: "The purely physical effects are explained by reflex excitement in the sexual sphere, especially the sympathetic nervous centres in the spine, caused by sharp and painful blows on the skin, particularly in the neighbourhood

of the sexual organs." Bloch was a serious and unusually learned English scholar of the 18th century, and there have been two or three reprints of his excellent *Sexual Life in England* between the 19th century and the present day. It is now in paperback, published by Corgi Books, and the chapter on 'Flagellomania' is exceptional. The quotation is to be found in Davenport's *Aphrodisiacs and Anti-aphrodisiacs*. Dr. Meibomius even asserts that the effect of flagellation on the arousal of erection can be accurately observed, and that the *oscillationes membri* are regulated according to the number of strokes applied.

The widespread and fundamental appeal of erotic punishment may be deduced from the fact that all forms of corporal punishment have been one of the most popular stocks-in-trade of the prostitute for centuries, both at home and abroad. Krafft-Ebing, writing in his monumental *Psychopathia Sexualis*, quotes Carlier, a one-time Paris chief of police, as saying: "Among certain prostitutes a veritable arsenal of instruments of torture can be found: whips, rods, knotted sticks, and leather thongs through which nails have been driven, etc. The dried blood covering these instruments bears witness to the fact that they are not kept as mere curiosities, but are actually used in the satisfaction of the monstrous lusts of clients." Brushes, shoes, and slippers have also been employed. During the 18th century an Englishman even invented a machine which could flagellate 40 people at one and the same time!

Illustrations of many of these instruments, as well as of prostitutes in action, have been published in some of Hirschfeld's serious medico-sociological works, though few of these books have been translated. Ploss and Bartels' monumental *Das Weib* (translated in three quarto volumes under the title of *Woman*, but now out of print in this country—I understand a new edition has appeared in the USA) also provides a few plates of equipment found in brothels.

London's 19th-century brothels of flagellation

Historically, I think it might be true to say that nowhere did flagellant prostitution take such a hold so early as in England, quickly followed by Germany. Bloch tells us (*op. cit.*) that: "Speculation on the masochistic tendencies of men towards passive flagellation, combined with their own preference for active flagellation, led many women to develop a subtle skill in the art of whipping. Such speculation finally led to the establishment of special brothels almost entirely devoted to this anomaly. From the end of the 18th century, and throughout the 19th century, they formed a characteristic feature of London prostitution."

These bordellos continued to increase from 1800 onwards. They were usually magnificently appointed, and served as places where men could freely submit to passive flagellation, with a multiplicity of refinements added. A similar state of affairs reigned in Paris until the brothels were closed—and doubtless it still exists in the French illegal brothels, just as it is reputed to do in England at the present day.

At the end of the 19th century, Parisian brothels were even able to cater for gentlemen who wished to be whipped, but wished also to avoid suffering pain in the process! They had developed whips of thin rubber tubes filled with air (and similar harmless objects). Such articles had a two-fold advantage, for as pain was eliminated a prostitute could afford to let her sadistic clients whip her without fear.

An illuminating summary of the subject appears in the preface to an old collector's item: *Venus School Mistress, or Briben Sports*, reprinted from the edition of 1788 (actually the date was about 1808), with a Preface by Mary Wilson:

"The subject of flagellation in venereal affairs, must appear altogether ridiculous and unintelligible to those who have not been initiated into this branch of the Elusinian [sic] Mysteries.

"It is, however, a lech, which has existed from time immemorial, and is so extensively indulged in London at this day, that no less than 20 splendid establishments are supported entirely by its practice [sic]; nor is there, amongst the innumerable temples dedicated to the Paphian Goddess, which adorn this immense metropolis, any one in which the exercise of the rod is not occasionally required. All females who piously devote themselves to the service of the public, ought to be acquainted with the philosophy of birch discipline; for, without that knowledge, they will lose the patronage of some of the most liberal slaves to erotic pleasure.

"The men who have a propensity for Flagellation may be divided into three classes:

"1. Those who like to receive a fustigation, more or less severe, from the hand of a fine woman, who is sufficiently robust to wield the rod with vigour and effect.

"2. Those who desire themselves to administer birch discipline on the white and plump buttocks of a female.

"3. Those who neither wish to be passive recipients nor active administrators, but would derive sufficient excitement as mere spectators of the sport.

"Many persons not sufficiently acquainted with human nature and the ways of the world are apt to imagine that the lech for Flagellation must be confined either to the agent, or to those who are exhausted through too great a devotion to veneri: but such is not the fact, for there are quite as many young men and men in the prime and vigour of life, who are influenced by this passion as there are amongst the aged and the debilitated. It is very true that there are innumerable old generals, admirals, colonels, and captains, as well as bishops, judges, lords, commoners, and physicians, who periodically go to be whipped, merely because it warms their blood, and keeps up a little agreeable excitement in their systems long after the power of enjoying the opposite sex has failed them; but it is equally true that hundreds of young men, through having been educated at institutions where the masters were fond of administering birch discipline, and recollecting certain sensations produced by it, have imbibed a passion for it, and have longed to receive the same chastisement from the hands of a fine woman. . . .

"Those women who give most satisfaction to the amateurs of discipline, are called governesses, because they have, by experience, required a tact and a *modus operandi*, which the generality do not possess. It is not the merely keeping a rod, and being willing to flog, that would cause a woman to be visited by the worshippers of the birch: she must have served her time to some other woman who understood her business, and be thoroughly accomplished."

The whip as a medical curative

Flagellation has even been used as a specific for conception. Eulenberg informs us (*Sadismus und Masochismus*) that one of the Duchesses of Mantua, Leonora Gonzaga, caused her mother to whip her in order that she might feel more passion and thus conceive. Both the whip and the rod have also been used in medical practice for many afflictions—more especially in lunacy and various psychological disorders, hypochondria, epilepsy, gout, etc. In such cases an effect may have been achieved by suggestion, much as it is in the modern use of the placebo pill. Among those whose illness is founded on a psychic mechanism stimulated by deep feelings of guilt, such methods of cure may well be successful—though scarcely to be approved. A preferable choice, I would urge, would be the ministrations of a father-confessor, reinforced by the acceptance of the forgivingness of an all-loving God. It worked miraculously in the case of the American criminal, Starr Daily, whose book, *Release* (published by Arthur James, Evesham), makes fascinating reading. But it is a method perhaps less likely to act with our street-prowling young thugs and moronic teenagers. O+

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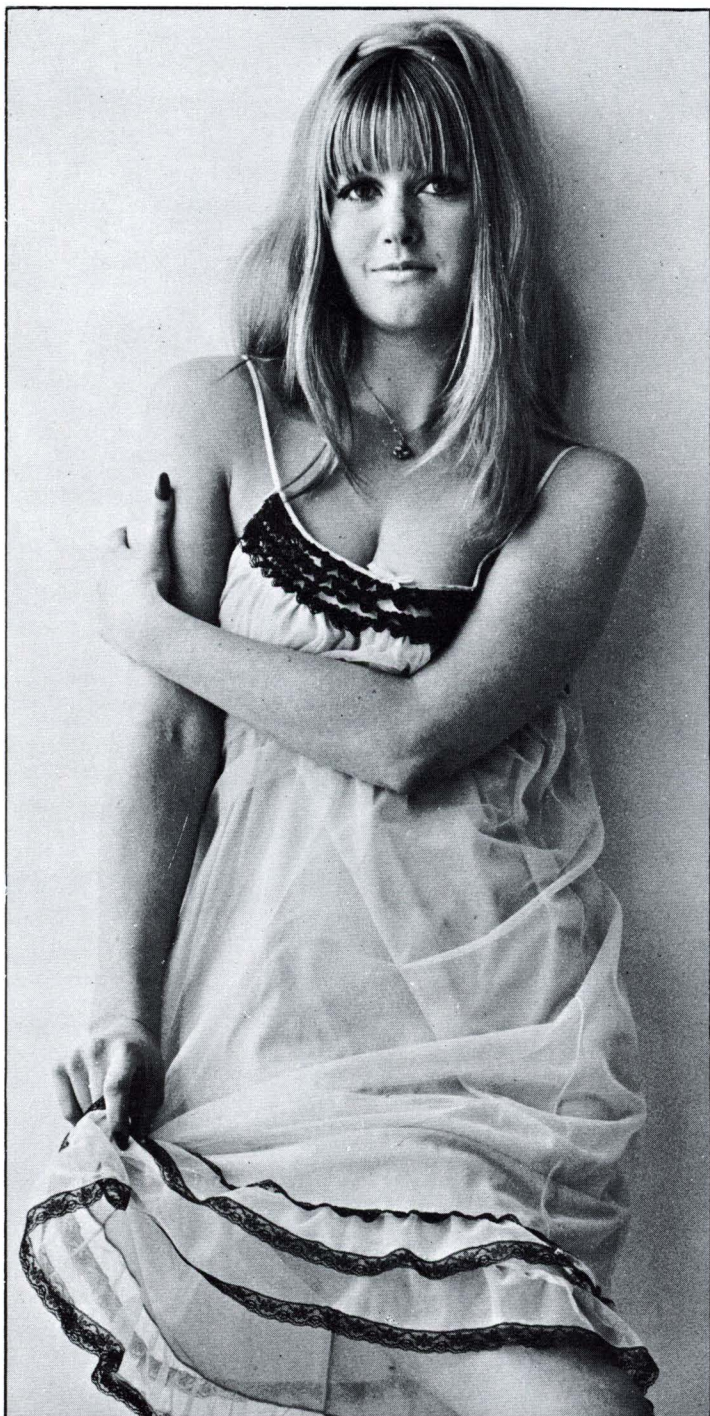
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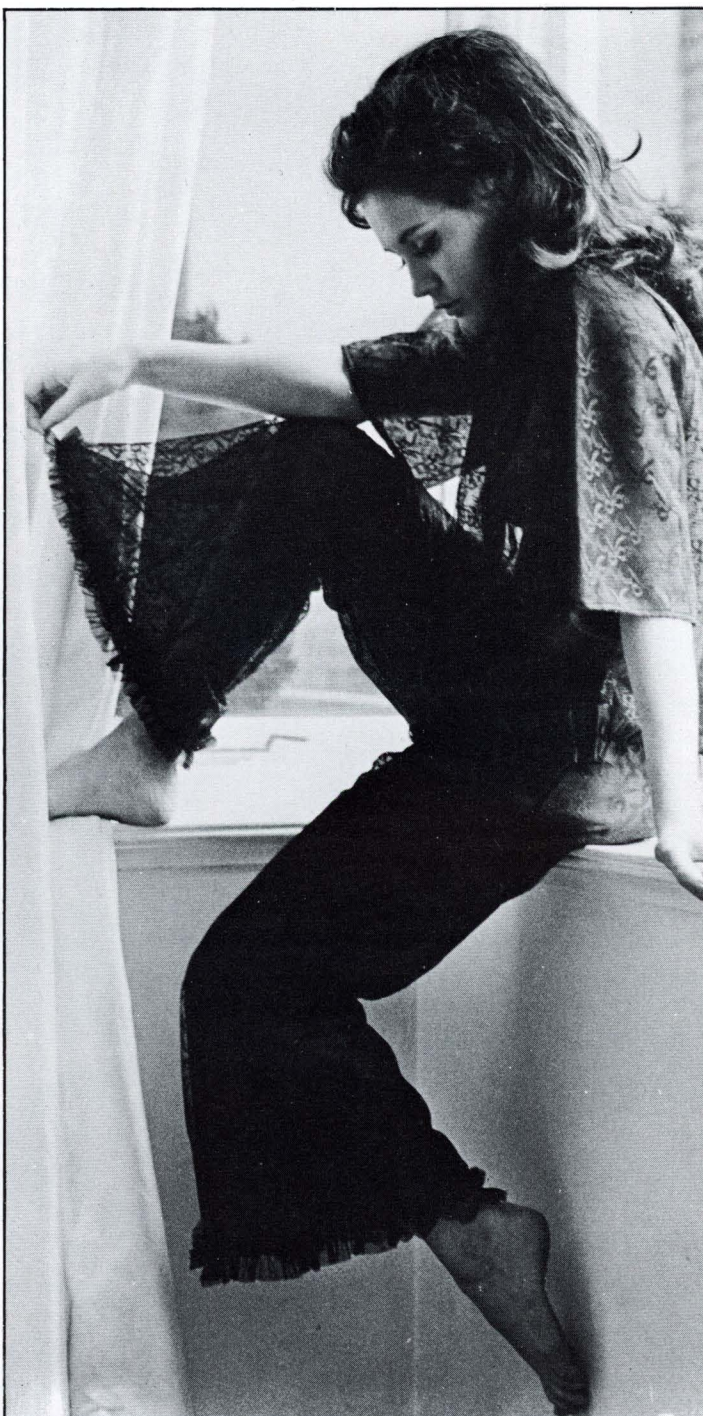
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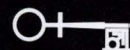


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R. E. L. Masters

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PENTHOUSE FORUM

(continued from page 17)

years. We are highly sexed and become roused by merely looking at each other. I feel sorry for those couples who have to spank each other. Have these masochists always been this way inclined, or have they lost their virility now that they are over 35 years old?

I come from the modern country of Israel where corporal punishment is not practised in schools and I am strongly against it being used on children. The youth of Israel is highly intelligent and developed at an earlier age than the youth of this country. We took our responsibilities of life early, but at the same time had a wonderful childhood. England is proving herself to be far behind in this field.

*E. Murray
Twickenham, Middx.*

Bring back the birch?

Those of us who are concerned with crime professionally must be alarmed—to say the least—at the great increase in crimes of violence in the years since the war. It is generally conceded that this is due to a lack of discipline and a lowering or disregard of moral standards.

In these unusual circumstances I cannot see how, notwithstanding what some psychologists and law reformers say, caning or birching youthful offenders (which includes young men) can do any harm—provided it is not done with brutality. As a magistrate I am against the use of the "cat", which I consider a brutal weapon. As for punishment of teenage girls, that seems to be a matter for parents.

I suggest there is a good case for reintroducing corporal punishment, limited to crimes of violence, at any rate for a period of say five years to see what is the result.

*Name and professional credentials supplied,
Hongkong*

20 years with a secret

After reading the correspondence about corporal punishment in your issue No. 10 I am a most relieved man. It appears that not a few married men have this longing to be punished by their wives. After 20 years of marriage I had always imagined there was nothing I could do about it and had to keep it secret.

Then I decided to show these letters to my wife, and asked her to help me. As a result of your wonderful magazine we have had a far happier life during the past few weeks than ever before.

*C.P.
Preston, Lancs.*

Incident in the WRNS

My sister Margaret was in the WRNS during the war and she told me that not only was she once beaten, clad only in pyjamas, by a Leading Wren, but that this beating induced orgasm. The beating, with a luggage strap, was supposed to be instead of having her leave stopped. Other girls in her unit also submitted to this unofficial punishment.

My sister was then 18 and was quite unprepared for what happened to her. From what she now knows she has no doubt that the same sexual reaction affected the other woman, who was a good deal older. Afterwards she was kissed on the mouth and told she was a "sweet girl".

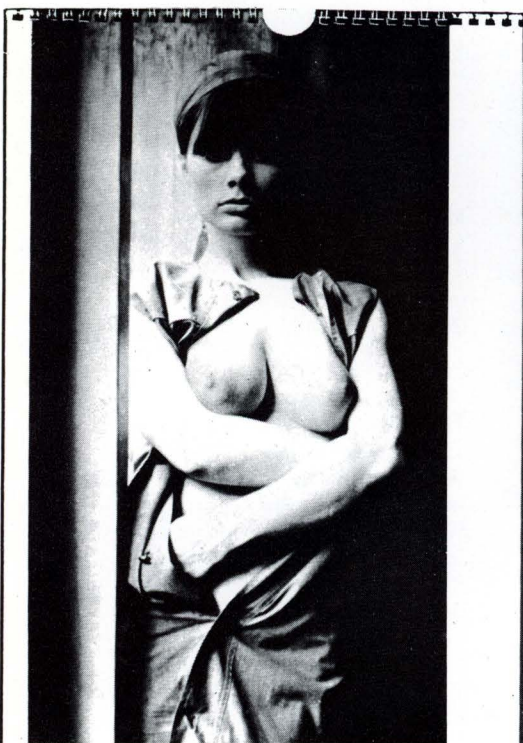
*J.C.
Bridgwater, Somerset*

The limits of privacy

Two letters you published in NO. 10 make me wonder whether people really mean what they say. The writers contend that whatever they do in the privacy of their own homes is entirely their own business. Agreed—but why write and tell Penthouse readers and subscribers and all what they do? How naïve can one get? Also, I am heartily sick of pubic hair.

I have renewed my subscription.

*Lieut.-Colonel
B.F.P.O. 34
(continued overleaf)*



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PENTHOUSE FORUM

(continued from previous page)

Pubic hair—resumed

I received the four issues of PENTHOUSE, sent at my request, for which I thank you. As a leading photographer in my country I can appreciate your pictures, both in colour and in black-and-white.

As for the problem some of your readers have debated, whether a nude may be represented in its entirety, this is a question of perfect taste, and not only of editorial limits. Certainly painting has more freedom than photography (see Modigliani's nudes) but here too one could say there are limits. I remember fine pictures in a Danish magazine where every part of the female body was revealed, yet the pictures remained in good taste because of the excellent composition and lighting. Probably you are not allowed to go so far but I am of the opinion that, once the principle of free illustration of female bodies is taken for granted, the covering effect of pubic hair could only free the pictures from any pornographic implication.

R.R.
Turin, Italy

Medical survey

It seems a shame to cast a dampener on the various letters about the shaved

female pubis, but inquiry among three medical-practitioner colleagues confirms my own opinion that to come across it when examining an abdomen for any reason is very rare. This is confirmed by an intelligent woman who worked before marriage eight years in family-planning clinics several times a week.

G.M.K.
Haywards Heath, Sussex

The eastern way

It is customary for Moslem women of India and Pakistan to shave their pubic hair regularly. In fact it is considered unhygienic to let it grow longer than an inch. I believe the practice is also widespread in Middle and Near Eastern countries.

M. A. Khan
Epsom, Surrey

Mother-in-law's influence

I have been impressed by the broadminded way the pubic hair correspondence has been discussed. The problem whether to remove or not is now with us as we have two teenage daughters who are extremely fashion-conscious. My eldest, aged 17—who incidentally is engaged to be married—asked my advice the other week, and as I have always made a practice of pubic shaving I advised her to do likewise. She was terrified lest on her honeymoon her new husband would disapprove. I advised her to discuss it with him, and he has, I am pleased to say, agreed—so she tells me. A good example, don't you agree, of a 'potential mother-in-law's influence?

Mrs J.B.
Epping, Essex

The panties dilemma

Time and the topless

Just before I went abroad we saw the introduction of the topless dress. On my arrival home I am shattered to fragments by the current mini-skirt craze. I understood from the press that skirts were "above the knee", but some that I have seen these last few days would be better described as below the bottom. One in three of the wearers seems to delight in making the lack of panties quite apparent.

The topless style was nipped in the bud by a charge of obscene exposure, which I think should have gone to a jury, but in the event was dealt with by a magistrate. I have not heard of a prosecution for obscene exposure by a mini-skirt wearer, though the exposure seems to me far more indecent than the honest topless.

Have values changed so much in two years?

M. Bayerstock
on leave from B.F.P.O. 69

Who could tell, anyway?

We would like to mention a few points Miss Rodway (No. 9) should consider. Firstly, it is obvious that panties could hardly be worn for warmth, and owing to their

situation are hardly necessary for covering-up purposes either. In normal circumstances who would know whether she was wearing panties or not, unless this was made apparent by the absence of their outline under very tight slacks or skirts?

Secondly, from a personal viewpoint, should we discover a girl to be lacking in this formerly essential item of underwear, our first impression would be that she was more than a little inclined to prefer more casual relationships with men.

Finally does Miss Rodway also feel embarrassed because the outlines of her brassiere would be visible under tight sweaters or blouses?

P.E. Cunliffe and A.J. Nicol
Montreal, Canada

Feminine and elegant

The outlines of lingerie showing through close-fitting skirts will not offend the male eye. The best solution for Miss Pamela Rodway is to wear, not tight briefs or panties (which can be no more provocative than a swimsuit), but instead that most feminine and elegant undergarment, French knickers.

W. Graham
Edinburgh

Keep cool

In hot summer weather, whether a girl be dressed in jumper and slacks or blouse and skirt, there is no reason for wearing anything else—and this includes a bra. Male dress habits are different, but I would never dream of wearing anything under a shirt and trousers in summer, and in winter the only extra layer comes from brief pants with pullover or cardigan on top of the shirt.

C.L.
Leeds, Yorks.

Not in her wardrobe

I accidentally went without pants about five years ago (I am 24) and liked the feeling so much that I have never worn any since. I don't even own a pair now.

(Miss) J.W.
Teheran, Iran

Tailpiece

The critics who have spoken out With feeling—there can be no doubt— In praise or censure of those girls Who may or may not foster curls In places far removed from sight, Reveal a most distressing plight. Before the subject's lost from view I'd like to add a few words, too. I find it hard to understand Why any maiden should be banned From following her natural flair To let it grow—or keep it bare! This ticklish problem, to my mind, Is one that only womankind Can answer as she best thinks fit— And that's the long and short of it. There really is no cause for bother; Each is as charming as the other!

Charles Rockett
Cyres, Devon



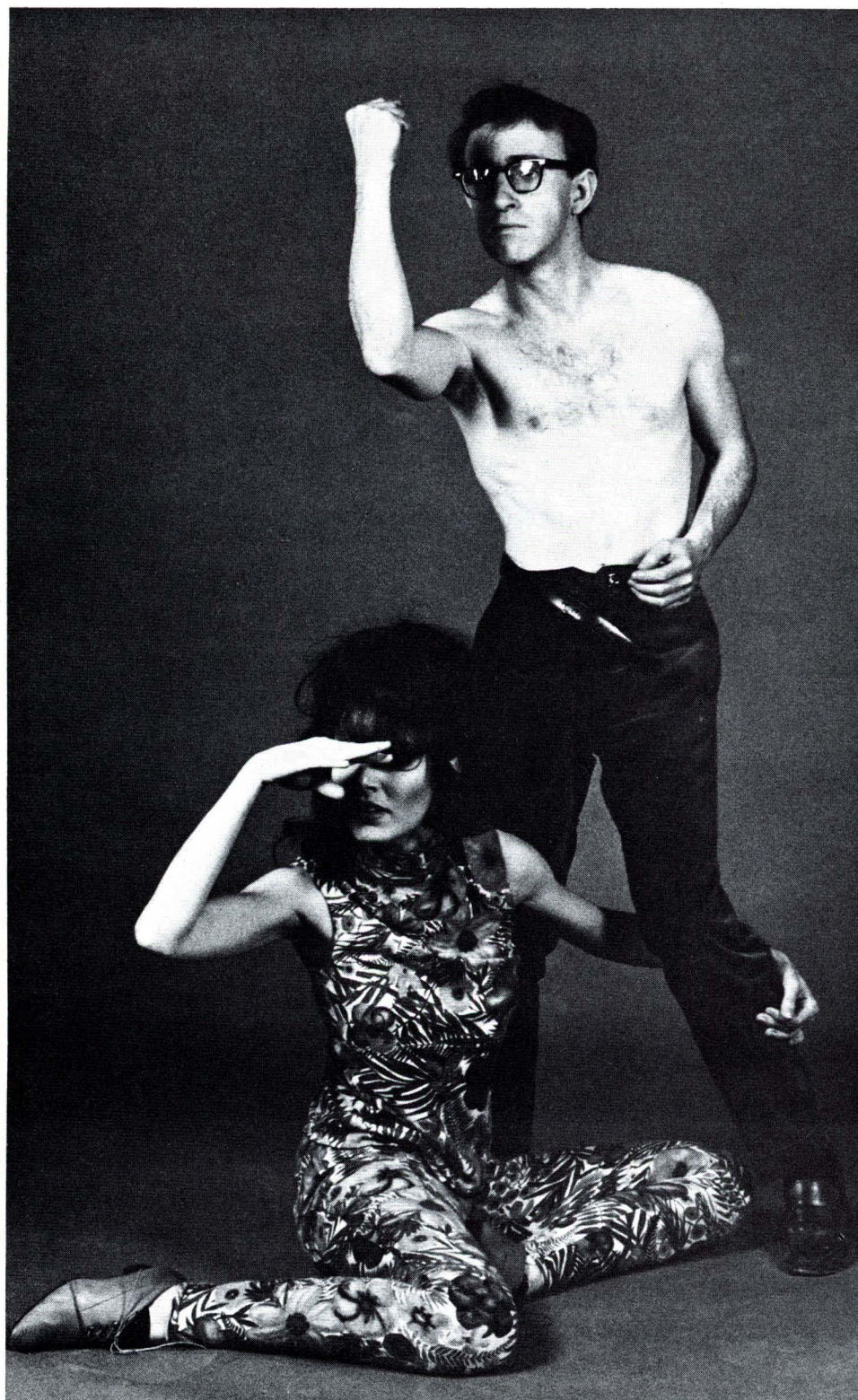
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Medical note: Tingling sensation is caused by the neuro-reflexive conditioning of motor and other sensory systems due to cranial absorption of hyper-intellectual stimuli and nude pictures.

* such a loss would induce coma rather than rage—B.M.A.

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P12

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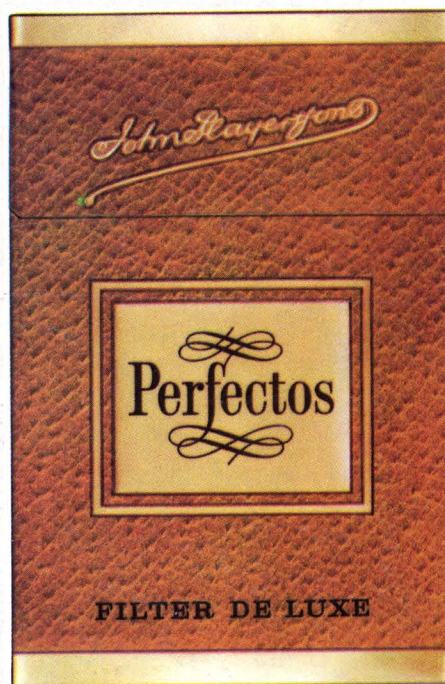
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